

NINETEEN NINETY

FOR



THE GEORGIAN



Above: the East window of St. Alban's and See House

Below: the rear of See House, from the schoolyard



VIEWS OF ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S COLLEGE, TORONTO ...




Above: See House from the South-East, March 1993

Below: the entrance to the Junior School



... TAKEN IN MARCH, 1993



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THE GEORGIAN

'93



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A Brief History of the College

The idea of a school for boys with the name "St. George's College" was fostered by Mr. John Bradley and certain other Anglican laymen who had associations with the Toronto Diocesan Choir School. The success of the Diocesan Choir School, which was a summer school for choirboys, suggested the need for a permanent school. A committee was therefore formed and plans developed to establish a fulltime day school with a strong emphasis on music. A private Act incorporating St. George's College was passed on March 31, 1961 by the Ontario Legislature. The school admitted its first seventy-two pupils in 1964. In 1989, Queen Elizabeth II granted the College the right to affix the title "Royal" to its name.

Production Team

This yearbook was produced by: Geoffrey Bellingham, David Dewees, Alexis Levine, Tobias Milrose, Eric Tsang, and Nicholas Yap; with Ikuma Fryman and Michael Lumbers as Grade Thirteen liaison. Mr. M. Reid was the Advisor.

Photography: Mr. Latimer, Mr. Siewert, Mr. Timm, Simon Isbister, Nicholas Yap, Mr. Birkett, Mr. Reid (and occasional others for their own events, to whom our grateful thanks).

Illustrations

The title page photos (overleaf) show a celebration in the College yard after Friday Evensong on May 28, 1993. The previous evening, at the College's annual Athletic Banquet, the Headmaster, Mr. John Latimer, had announced that an agreement had been reached between the Anglican Diocese, owner of the property on which the College stands, and the College whereby the College was able to buy the property and develop it.

Photos on this page: above: a temporarily abandoned computer room evokes thoughts and memories; middle: a curious entry in the Detention Book; below: a picture of St. Alban's Church, home to two Anglican congregations as well as serving as the chapel of Royal St. George's College.



DETENTIONS

Date Tue Oct 27 Supervisor Mr. J. Kerr

	STUDENT	FORM	MISDEED	INITIALS
1	Omar Tappin		some words in anger	LVH
2	Nicholas Vitorovich	9H	disrespectful talking in the face of silence!	RH
3				
4				
5				
6				
7				
8				
9				



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GROUP SHOT OF STAFF, TAKEN ON JUNE 15, 1993



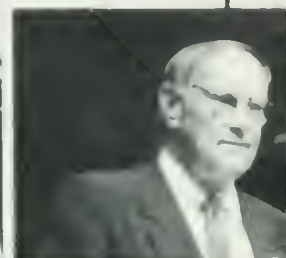
Standing: Mr. Martin, Ms. Grieve, Ms. Mustard, Ms. Ortiz, Mr. Hutchison, Ms. Foster, Mr. Denis, Ms. Walsh, Mr. Van Herk, Ms. Stockwell, Mr. Love, Mr. Rankin, Mr. Pederson, Mr. Reid, Mr. Pengelly, Mr. Orlando, Mr. Ackley, Mr. Lee, Mr. Paulin, Mr. O'Leary, Mr. Siewert, Mr. McMaster.
Kneeling/sitting: Mr. Birkett, Mr. D'Arcy, Dr. Skalinsky, Mr. Timm, Mr. Holdsworth, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Evans, Mr. Kerr, Fr. Hill, Mr. Keenan, Mr. Leatch, Mr. Schreiner.

NEW STAFF 1993

From left: Ms. Mustard, Mr. Lee,
Mr. Evans, Ms. Walsh, Ms.
Stockwell.



THE HEADMASTER



HEADMASTER'S CLOSING REMARKS - JUNE 17, 1993 (EXCERPTS)

Dan, I thank you for your comments and the gift presented to your school by the graduating class. It will be a welcome addition to Mr. Ackley's spacious exercise and weight room, and I must say that you did extremely well. You talked about memories which represented the feelings and ambitions of your year...your fellow grads...and Dan, as you thanked various people at this school, I too must express my gratitude - to the staff - the teachers, the office staff, as well as others who plod on day to day without the luxury of being able to work closely with young people. My thanks to those members of the Board who supported me, and who gave me understanding and empathy when things didn't go that well.

My thanks to the Guild, and to the Men's Association for the role they play in ensuring that RSGC continues to thrive.

Thanks also finally to the Executive Committee of the Diocese, which advised our Chairman two weeks ago, that both

sides involved in the purchase of the school had come to mutually agreeable terms. My dream of seeing a revitalized school will become a reality - a reality we will soon own and re-build.

But particularly, I must thank you 39 young gentlemen for carrying on with the traditions of Royal St. George's College, by graduating and becoming alumni. In thanking you, I in no way must forget your parents, your grandparents and you god-parents, your uncles, aunts and girlfriends who have supported you through this hopefully gratifying time...

Moms, Dads - the little boy you held and hugged is now off to college. The guy you scolded and disciplined has reached another plateau in his life. The dream you cried with and laughed with has been successful. He's an achiever and I hope a dreamer. To the 39 of you who graduate today - don't ever, ever say that it's wrong to dream. Dream about how you can say thank-you to those people who have and

still do have faith, trust and a truly wonderful belief in you. Dream about how you can be a better person. Dream about how you can help those many many humans who sadly do not have people who believe in them. People who don't know how to dream because that luxury has been crushed from them. Gentleman look at those dreams within you, follow those dreams. Take the time to smell the roses. Laugh and giggle - and if you feel like it cry. Express - openly express that wonderful luxury of life - friendships. And if you've never, ever done it before, find a moment...a moment today, tomorrow or some time this summer, to say thank you to those whose dream you've become - and to admit, "If I've let you down, please forgive me, as I know you will - because you always have."

Good luck, best wishes - and don't ever, ever lose the dreams which are within you...follow them as long as God gives you the privilege to breathe

THE PRINCIPAL OF THE SENIOR SCHOOL

Certain events serve as signposts in life. For me, the graduation of the class of 1993 is one of those markers. These young men started grade nine when I joined RSGC and together we have grown through the shared experiences of the College. On that opening day in 1988, they met with me in the chapel, their faces bright with enthusiasm and their minds filled with expectations for the Senior School. Well, we have had many highs as well as a few lows since that Fall but I have enjoyed observing the learning that has taken place from each success or failure. At Prize Day the same faces were there in front of me, a little more mature, a lot more self confidence and yet still bright with enthusiasm and expectations. twenty-six of these 39 graduates achieved the proficiency level (80% or better) and all had demonstrated their best performance in their academic undertakings.

The academics, arts, varsity athletics and social aspects of the '92-'93 school year are captured in the pages which follow; however, I would like to highlight some of the "new" happenings.

The first Son/Father weekend was hosted by the College at Camp Kilcoo. Images of water-laden "swamps", rope courses and casino wheels are still fresh in my memory. The activities and general interaction



strengthened the connections between participants and the College. Students attended the "Leadership of Democracy" conference at L.C.C. (Montreal), the "School Leadership and Spirit" conference in Burlington and the "Gender Equity" conference at U.C.C. while the Environment Club participated in conferences and tree planting activities. The Breakfast Club was started to honour students who demonstrated academic excellence by earning a first class standing or by

improving their overall average by a minimum of four percent. Alex Smith won the "Peace Essay Contest" sponsored by the Toronto Rotary Club and Chris Watchorn won the Arthur Andersen and Co. Trophy as the Achiever of the Year (Junior Achievement of Metro Toronto and York Region).

Another initiative this year was the Steward Programme. Students who make significant contributions through active leadership and service to the College have

been honoured for their efforts. The individual decides for himself if he is willing to share his talents with peers. Brendan Dolan, Daryl Boyd and Andrew Prior worked away in a very quiet, conscientious manner and they became the first individuals to receive this recognition.

The medals, prizes and awards presented at Prize Day; the academic recognition at the Breakfast Club; the "colours", letters and awards at the Athletic Banquet; and the accolades at the various arts extravaganzas provide tangible measures of the young men's success. I would like to make special mention of Mr. Reid and his Yearbook staff for compiling this photo/text record of the year - without their efforts the successes would be confined to the recesses of our memories. My thanks to the staff, parents, governors and students who have worked together for such a banner year!

THE PRINCIPAL OF THE JUNIOR SCHOOL



I have recently read *In Defence of Plain English* by Victoria Branden and she brought my attention to a passage in T.H. White's *The Sword in the Stone* that I would like to reproduce here for edification and encouragement. (I obviously didn't learn much from the first book!)

"The best thing for disturbances of the spirit," replied Merlyn, "is to learn. That is the only thing that never fails. You may grow old and trembling in your anatomies, you may lie awake at night listening to the disorder of your veins, you may miss your only love and and lose your moneys to a monster, you may see the world about you devastated by evil lunatics,

or know your honour trampled in the sewers of baser minds. There is only one thing for it then - to learn. Learn why the world wags and what wags it. That is the only thing which the mind can never exhaust, never alienate, never be tortured by, never fear or distrust and never dream of regretting. Learning is the thing for you. Look at what a lot of things there are to learn - pure science, the only purity there is. You can learn astronomy in a lifetime, natural history in three, literature in six. And then, after you have exhausted a milliard lifetimes in biology and medicine and theo - criticism and geography and history and economics, why, you can start to make a cart wheel out of the appropriate

wood, or spend fifty years learning to begin to learn to beat your adversary at fencing. After that you can start again on mathematics, until it is time to learn to plough."

It is obviously the task of all educators, by exhortation and example, to inculcate a life-long expectation that learning will never cease (where have I put that book on plain English?). It is my sincere hope that I will read, in the future, that many of the boys we now teach have returned to university when they are 80 years old to pursue a new discipline of learning

Andrew Barlow
Principal
Junior School

PEOPLE BEHIND...



Ms. Jeanne Mustard



Mr. Brian Bentley



Ms. Alice Foster



Ms. Sandra Skinner



Ms. Delia Ortiz



Mr. Richard Bubb



Mr. Lloyd Bradshaw



Ms. Nancy Barlow



Ms. Yvette Granville

...THE SCENES



Ms. Mustard, Ms. Skinner, Ms. Foster, Ms. Keresteci.



Mr. George Seddon



Mr. Eric Nobes



Mr. Leolyn Lewis



Mr. Dale Hume



Mr. Estwick Grant



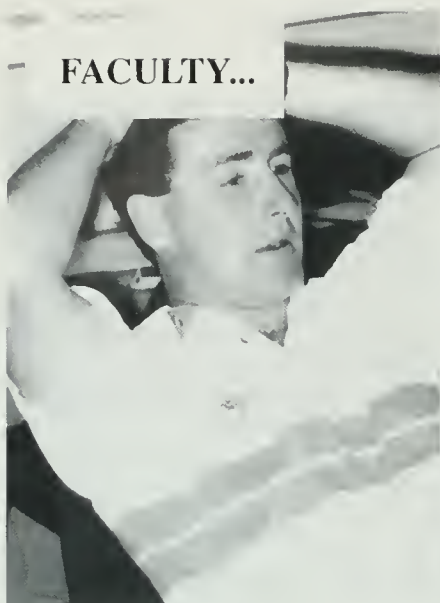
Mr. Kevin Trombley (above)



Mr. Mike Devereaux (right)



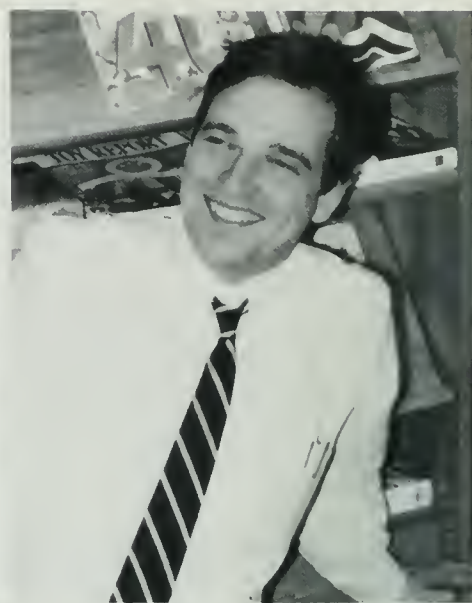
Ms. Jeanne Comeau



Mr. Evans



Mr. Ackley



Mr. Cooper



Ms. Grieve



Mr. D'Arcy



Father Hill



Mr. Holdsworth



Mr. Kerr



Mr. Orlando



Mr. Keenan



Mr. Love



Mr. Nakatsu



Mr. Pederson



Mr. Pengelly



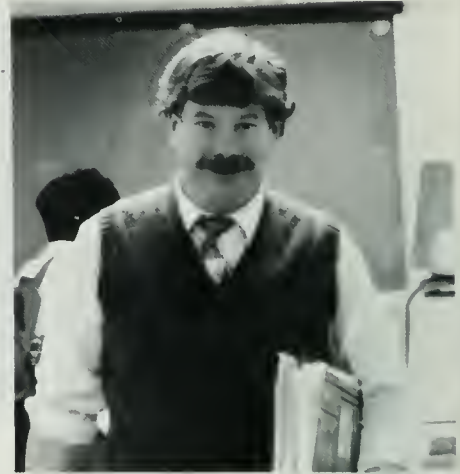
Ms. Miller



Mr. Paulin



Mr. Schreiner



Mr. Rankin



Mr. Siewert



Ms. Stockwell



Dr. Skalinsky



Mr. Timm



Mr. Van Herk



Mr. Birkett



Ms. Walsh



Dr. Bryant



Monsieur Denis



Mr. Hutchison



Ms. Graham



Mr. Lee



Mr. Martin



Ms. Wade West



Mr. McElroy



Mr. O'Leary



Mr. Reid



Mr. Wade West



Mr. McMaster



Mr. Leatch

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Board of Governors 1992-93

The Right Reverend Terence Finlay, Lord Bishop of Toronto
Honorary Chairman

Executive Committee

Mr. Milton Hess (Chairman)
Mr. Bob Manning (Vice-Chairman)
Mr. Richard Harris (Secretary/Treasurer)

Mr. John R. Latimer (Headmaster)
Dr. Andrew Barlow (Principal of the
Junior School)

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Mrs. Carole Cowper-Smith
Mrs. Heather Frawley
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Mr. Terry Nicholson
Mr. Earle O'Born
Mr. G.E.A. Pacaud

Mr. Gordon Patterson
Mr. Murray Pengelly
Mr. Rob Secor
Mrs. Marlene Smith
Mr. Peter Turvey
Mr. Wolf von Teichman
Mrs. Barbara Zeibots

BOARD OF GOVERNORS



Bishop Finlay



THE COLLEGE ASSOCIATION

The officers of the College Association in 1993 will be
Past President: Terry Nicholson
President: Rob Secor
Vice President: Chris Dawson
Treasurer: Peter Frampton
Member at Large: Scott Daly
Special Events: Ron Perryman

Left: Grade 13s at the Alumni dinner - held annually in the Spring.



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

We include mention of the Student Council in the 'Establishment' section of the Yearbook because it too is a High Authority of the College. The Student Council attempts to be a parliament of the students, to funnel opinions and suggestions upwards, and to arrange activities that will build College spirit. Messrs. Latimer, Pengelly and Love are members EX OFFICIO. The Council provides delegates with a chance to learn negotiating, organizing and dealing with sometimes apathetic or refractory human nature. It organizes food drives, hot dog and "grab" days (i.e. no-uniform days) and fun activities that raise money for charity like "Lip Synch" (or, miming to records) concerts. The '92 Lip Synch concert was so successful it raised \$430 for the Toronto Humane Society. In 1992 the Council presented the College with a gas barbecue.

Christopher Watchorn was President of the Student Council in 1993.

THE GUILD



The Guild performs many important functions for the College. Pictures on this page show: members at a Guild luncheon; the Poinsettia Sale in December; the Rummage Sale in April; and the Lunch for the Staff in June. It has become a tradition for Mr. Latimer to go on a water-pistol rampage after the staff lunch, and he is pictured here inducting an eager dupe into his evil ways. Beside him is a pixy-ish Dr. Skalinski, snapped at the staff luncheon in 1992.





GRADUATES '93

David Bain '92



Standing, from left: Mark Turvey, Andrew King, Daragh Sankey, Kevin Thompson, Adam Hess, Jeremy Robins, Alex Dobson, Mr. Latimer.
Seated: Roger Park, Mark Magee, Chris Watchorn, Dan Tecimer, Jordy Bunting, Tim Sjogren.



THE PREFECTS

As I look back on the year we just had, it is important to recount the things we will likely be remembered for in the years to come. For starters, the "dance of the century". A dance where people had so much fun they felt that the only way to show their gratitude would be by tearing the radiators off the walls. An event where I had to tell my superiors with a straight face that "honestly" there were only 250 people there.

Just like the dance, all the other events of our year will be known to be a little different from the norm. A record-breaking number of prefect breakfasts. Our radical skits, where we would perform first and have to answer for them later. Our critically acclaimed performance of "Nak's Christmas party".

I would like to thank all the prefects for their contributions and the staff for being so understanding. I especially would like to thank everyone else who helped me out throughout the year (whether it was Tim Magee or Andrew Prior helping out on a skit - Mrs. Mustard for warning us in advance when we were in trouble - Jake Thompson for giving me a Grade 9 perspective on certain issues - or Sparky Anderson and Kevin Lint for giving us all the Grade 12 gossip we could handle). I wish Kevin and the rest of the guys all the best for next year. I'm going to miss you all.

Dan Tecimer



GRADE 13 O

Standing: Nicholas Mills, Jade Leung, Andrew Waschuk, Brendan Dolan, James Beddington, Mr. M. Orlando
 Sitting: Daniel Simoncic, Peter Ollen, Duane Lee, Maurice Ko, Nicholas McCabe, Daryl Boyd.



GRADE 13 R

Standing: Eric Davis, Andrew Ferns, James Berry, Bruce Sinclair, Joshua Pearce, Chris Wright, Michael Lumbers, Mr. D. Rankin
 Sitting: Scott McLone, Tom Mudd, Karim Rajani, Terry Kerr, Michael Bardin, Ikuma Fryman



THE GRADE THIRTEENS, 1993





Ba-hey! 7th. of school at R.S.G.C., sorry R.S.G.C. - over! Oh! man, I don't believe it! Bizarre! Thanks Kenry + Mom, Face, Mills, Gosh, Davaha, Big, Hitman + Gord. Oh...one more year it's been. B-Crazy and fire is crazy therefore I'm insane. McTamorph - 50 bucks on the chicken, do I know? G.B. was a blast. I can't see the school - twenty guys - no imitation here, Pop specials thanks to Rog - 2nd cup + Ann, Soice at Rooster.

It's been a STACK of fun.

Peter Andras



It's been a long haul, 10 full years. I'd like to thank my teachers, of course I will have lasting memories of R S G C for a long time

Grade 4 - The Paint room

Grade 5 - Mr. McElroy

Grade 6 - Mr. Hookey's X-mas speech

Grade 7 - Being on the lookout for McElroy

Grade 8 - Mr. Bradley - Yes, he's a good boy

Grade 9 - Tuna Sandwiches

Grade 10 - Earth Day

Grade 11 - Waser a.k.a. 'Walter

Grade 12 - I'd like to thank the Metro Cops for parking patrol on Howland.

Grade 13 - Gerd's German class

To Dave Stern: 'Don't date my cousin!'

Michael Bardyn



"Never let your schooling get in the way of your education."

- Mark Twain

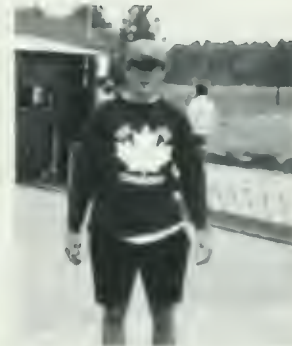
"The difference between a madman and myself is, I'm not mad."

- Salvador Dali

"I'd hate to advocate drugs, violence, or insanity to anyone, but they've always worked for me."

Hunter S. Thompson

James Beddington

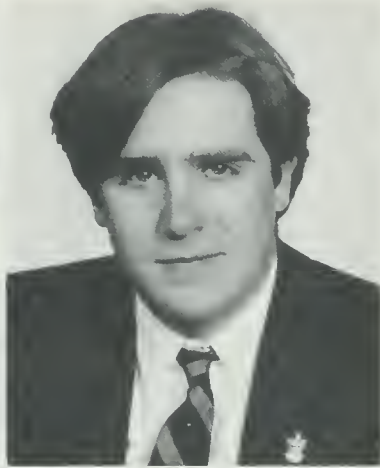


Three years at R.S.G.C., and so many memories, New York, Boston, Montreal, Halifax, Soccer, Basketball, softball, Shield of Dreams, and many more too numerous to mention.

I would like to thank all the people that made these memories possible. Mr. Latimer, Mr. Love, all my teachers, Fig, Slick, Smitch, all my friends, my family and the school.

I would like to conclude with my most memorable, pre-game softball pep talk courtesy of Mr. Kerr, "You better not lose to those wussies in white!"

James Berry



Well it's been fun here at R.S.G.C. but, I can't believe it's gone so fast. It seems like yesterday when I heard Pete mutter those famous words, "Yeah, we got canoes"--my first memory of R.S.G.C. There are so many other memories too, like: grade 9 parties at Kim's, Collingwood before a ski race, Quebec, Boston, etc. Thanks to: Mom, Dad, Jim, Badboy, Andy, Josh, Daragh, Gord, Duane, Rog, Al, and everyone else.

"You might think it's goofy, but the man on the moon is a Newfie" - Stompin' Tom Connors.

Jordan Bunting



So it's time to graduate. It's been five great years that I'll never forget: KT backstage at cabaret, NM the monkey, BS dinner party? BD lunch? DL McD, ED & JB! and the teachers for all the effort: C.D'A, Dr.S, B.P, W.S, R.H, and all the rest. Thanks Mom, Dad, and Dev.

"Never underestimate your power to change yourself.
Never overestimate your power to change others."

Daryl Boyd

There comes a time when people have to move on in life. Conquer their goals, complete their challenges and seek further enlightenment. Unfortunately this is my time to leave, but I am sadly doing so. It is ironic that for the first 12 years of my education I wanted to leave, yet in my graduating year I want to stay.

I'd like to thank my friends, teachers, family, Canadian Armed Forces: 25 SVC BT, and all the people who have made my stay at RSGC enjoyable and memorable. I only hope I find university challenging and fun as I did here.

Eric Davis



"We are the guardians of freedom."

NWO - Ministry



Alex Dobson

In the nine years Alex attended the College, this Prefect immersed himself in both athletic and artistic pursuits. In addition to his participation on Soccer, Basketball and Baseball teams over the years, his voluntary efforts in support of the house league program were very much appreciated. In recent years, Alex established a leading profile in dramatic productions including *Guys and Dolls* and *Once Upon a Mattress*. A long standing member of the 'A' and Senior Choirs, Alex's musical talent earned him the Intermediate Vocalist Award. Alex plans to pursue his interest in music at Mount Allison University or the University of Western Ontario next year.





It's hard to believe it's been just 2,628,000 minutes, give or take a few, since I first came to R.S.G.C.

Although much of this time has been spent in such fine establishments as the Black Rooster I owe a lot to the school. Thanks 2 Turk-Boy, Jerry-Berry, Magee, Kerbo, Wildman, Nick Nick, Morris the Cat. A special thanks to Mr. Latimer, Mr. Van Herk, Mr. Orlando, Mr. Nakatsu, Mr. Emm, Mr. Holdsworth, Dr. Skalmiski, Mr. Pengelly, The Love-man, Mr. D'Arcy, Dr. Barlow, Mr. McMaster and of course all my family. I couldn't have done it without you, all my family. Thanks for the best six years of my life.

"I believe in two things, sex and death." - Woody Allen

Brendan Dolan

Well I jumped into the river too many times
To make it home,
I'm out here on my own, drifting all alone
If it doesn't show, give it time
To read between the lines
Cause I see the storm getting closer
And the waves they get so high
Seems everything we've ever known's here,
Why must it drift away and die?

I'll never find anyone to replace you,
Guess I'll have to make it thru, this time
Oh this time,
Without you

W. Axl Rose

My thanks go out to everyone who has been special to me, and I trust you know who they are. Above all I thank My great parents, Mr. C.P. Andrew, Gord J.P. JB. Ar. DS. BADBOY and all the other Georgians.

Guys, good luck and Godspeed
It's been a stack!

Andrew Lewis



Memories of R.S.G.C.:

To Nerl:

Fests, poppers, and meatheads. Gracias.

"And I was just gettin' up, hit the road before it's light. Frying to catch an hour on the sun,

When I saw those thrashers rollin' by, Lookin' more than two lanes wide
I was feelin' like my day has just begun." - Neil Young

Simon Foster



Ikuma Fryman

Ikuma, who is known as "Fig" to his many friends about RSGC, had no idea how this boring nickname caught on. During his four years at RSGC, he has been a hard worker in both athletics and academics. He competed on the Softball, Track and Field, and Cross Country Teams, where he did not reach stardom but nevertheless enjoyed the competition. His love for baseball is evident, as he is delighted that his favourite perennial last place team, the Phillies, are off to a good start this season. He says that he will hopefully be at the World Series in Philadelphia, where he will be attending the University of Pennsylvania, double majoring in Biochemistry and Economics. His plans after that are to stay south of the border and pursue Business or perhaps Medicine - both of which reflect the character of this ambitious young man. We wish him good luck.



Well, this is it! My final words to RSGC after 6 long years starting with Mr. Birkett's grade 7 class and ending with a new bunch of guys in grade 13. Thank you all, especially: Dan, Roger, Duane, Jer, Prior, and the rest of you old guys. Also thanks to: Bo, Gord, Nick, Pete, the Puseys and Dr. B for making RSGC unique! A special thanks to Mom & Dad, Becky, Christina, Kelli, and Jess for making life bearable. And the Memories: Clog-ups, Moses, ECP, the

Indian Opera, the Choir Trip, Norval, Trip Week, Dominican, The Barbershop Quartet, O.U.A.M., Black Comedy, the Rooster, assemblies with Carla, and the Dances! Thanx everyone and have a great life if I don't see you again!

T. Adam Hess

P.S. Remember: "If you're really good, Santa just might..."

"It's ova, it's ova, it's ova!"
- P. Laylor, '92

I'll remember, the Cup, school trips, coffee times, Lit. class geniuses, violent French skits, the blue telephone, Pete's naked rear, the Badboy hunts, J.J.'s, double French/spare, H+J Maunche, Saga-pooch, Poot, Dr.'s A+D, D. himself, Joshy, Stumpy Gord, the Legendary Badass, Jer, Prior, bearded Jordy, Al, Turk Boy, Magee (I Guess) and the rest of you jokers. Oh yeah, and Mr. Kerr, and Gage and stuff, Turvey, at least we got the Moonlight, Mom+Jimbo (dad), Randolph, Laura, thanks, Kath, you're the best. Q. I'd like to have written something amazing here, but you can't have everything...where would you put it?

Andrew King



This year is really exciting and memorable for me. I studied at RSGC for just one year. But, being a Georgian, gives me the best feeling that I have ever had in my past school life. Once again, I would like to express my heartfelt thanks to all the teachers and classmates who have donated their spare time to help this little Chinese guy.

Maurice Ko (Morse Code)



Thanks to the school, and all of those who helped me last through it: E.S., Cookie, R.P., K.T., G.M., J.B. as well as anyone else who feels they belong on the list. I also bid a fond farewell to the hate stick, hate room, and C.W. To my families (new and old) I offer one thing to reward them for all of their support & efforts: the elusive High School diploma. And finally I thank my companion in my travels in the land of Pooh, it's been a lamb of a time.

"It's too late, tonight, to drag the past out in the light." U2

Duane Lee



Memories of R.S.G.C.:

Kraze - "You know what they say about brunettes."

Sgroon - "Hey guys, I just finished reading Owen Meany!"

Taco - "Come on, guys, I'm not a tree hugger!"

El Wapo - "Hey guys, what side of the street do I drive on?"

Steve - "D.S."

P.V., Willie Veteran, the Finder, "Bring the Noise Milton", Riaz, Price is right, Rooster, "Almost" Brothers, Rye and F, Rose, The Last, "PNHN-TR", Q-Zar, The "Y", Farnham, Ad, Markus, Heat of the moment, Mom and Dad.

J. Leung



Seeing how it's now check-out time, I'd better say good bye. Well, bye guys. Thanks for everything. All of you have made some kind of impact on me, be it good or bad. No names will be written here, for there have been too many important people in my life to list them all. Besides, you all know

who you are. If you viewed me as a friend, then your name is up here.

"I'm a lazy sod." - J. Rotten

"Some people never go crazy; they must lead truly boring lives." - H.K.

Mark Magee

Michael Lumbers

Our flag-waving nationalist arrived at RSGC in grade seven, and throughout the remaining years was involved in Badminton and Track and Field. A past President of the Speaking Union, Michael is Grade 13 liaison officer of this year's Georgian. With all of his pur-



suits and interests, Michael still managed to hold his own academically, ranking fifth in grade twelve. Michael wants to make sure that his fellow grads remember that they will always be welcome at his home in Chestnut Hills, Mass. where, after graduating from the Harvard Law School, he'll be living the life of a wealthy Republican.



"Stand firm in your refusal to remain conscious during algebra. In real life, I assure you, there is no such thing as algebra."

Fran Lebowitz

Five year can pass in a big hurry. But a lot has happened and I have some debts. Thanks Kevin, Daryl,

Maurice, James, Chris, all you other tech crew types, Jeremy King, Dave D, and everyone else. Thanks also Mr D'Arcy for sooo much Comp Sci Calc the goot Doctor himself, and Mr Pederson. Most of all, I thank my family (where would I be without you).

Nick McCabe



Scott McLorie

Scott has been at Royal St. George's since grade seven, contributing to the Soccer, Badminton, Baseball, Swim and Ski teams. His musical experience has included being in the Choir as well as B and A Bands, becoming a specialist with the clarinet and the bass clarinet. He participated in the Rotary International Youth Exchange, spending the 1991-92 school year in Finland. Scott will attend U.B.C. next year, studying Geography. We wish him all the best as he will be ideally situated to further his academic and sports skills.



First and foremost, I would like to thank my mom, my dad and the alphabet (in no particular order) for making everything possible. Special mention, to the Rooster, Big Toe, The Egg, and the Escort; without you I would still be sitting at home. I have many memories, three schools in five years, and there is no other way I would have wanted to go about my high school career. I had fun, Ad!

P.S. Gord, I have your other hand, keep in touch!

Nick Mills



Tom Mudd

Tom is a seven year veteran of RSGC. Since joining the College in grade seven, Tom has enjoyed participating on the varsity Soccer, Ski, Badminton and Swim Teams. Tom sang with the Junior and Senior School Choirs. The years have allowed Tom to get himself organized, and he has enjoyed significant academic improvement. We wish Tom good luck next year in his studies of liberal arts.



Peter Ollen

Peter entered RSGC in grade eleven, part way through the school year. Since that time he has been involved in a number of school activities, ranging from playing on the Senior Tennis team to participating in N.A.M.U.N. (the North American Model Union Nations). He also received proficiency awards in grade eleven and twelve. Next year Peter will be attending York University, where he intends to major in Political Science. We wish Peter the best of luck.



It's done like dinner! We're all finished! Whooh...10 years! Five Ninths of my life has been spent here. I could be really mixed up. I have many great memories. Pete's cottage and telephone, Stanstead, Oxford, Turvey's basement and garage, the Second Cup with Rog, Susan, and James. Special mention to Beer, Badboy, Sank, East York, Andy, Al, Ad, Gerd the Werd, Turu, Goph, Rm, JB, AP, JR, KM, KS, X-Y, BTS, Norge, JK, JM, AR, AW, S+M, and the Hunters. Thanks Mom, Dad+Babe, Finally, to the ladies. I can't say I've loved you all, but I sure loved as many of you as I could!

Josh Peace (The Peaceman)



Every year I've promised myself that I would write this great inspirational grad quote. Well, now my time has come, and like all my other school assignments I left it till last night. So my only inspirational words to you are "Organization is the key to success!" -Mr. Hockey

Memories: Volleyball, Hockey, Baseball, Kilcoo, Bolton, Montreal, the Rooster, and Ferns and the famous stack

Thanks to my parents, Christina, Diane, the Turk Boy, the hunters, the athletic elites, the grads, and R S G C for eight great years. I want to be forever young

Roger Park



(In a Dan voice). Can you say...so brutal. I'm leaving...actually I'm gone, but I had a wicked time. Thanks to my FAM, Mom, Dad, and Tasha and all the Bo@*&cks you put up with, England and Gary, you buzz head. Hilary, here's to firetrucks, donuts and the colour purple; you're my Remedy. Andy, Josh, Dr. D you'll always crack me up. The Big al posse; Gord.. World Religions. Jeremy...TROU SERS! Dan..weh, weh! Ed, Enk, give up the cup. Mattress. Thanks to Hotel de Smith, good... uh...service! Volleyball and the Cricket club five Years of S G C, and look at me, a fine young man ready to tackle the world. "Ya, right; bar's that way, pal!"

Andrew Prior



Karim Rajani

Karim became a Georgian in 1986, and has enjoyed his seven year tenure immensely. Over the years he has contributed to the school in a variety of ways including his participation on the Hockey, Tennis, Soccer and Badminton Teams. He is looking forward to continuing his education at either Western or Dalhousie University. We wish him the best of luck.



I would first like to extend my grateful thanks to the alphabet and all its glorious parts, especially A.B.C.D. and Y.Z., without whom I would never have made it through my years as a Georgian. I also wish to say farewell and good luck to all my Georgian pals, who know who they are, for making the past nine years truly blotto. Finally, I wish to dedicate this profound statement to the history department, Mr. J. Keenan and Mr. G. Love, whom, after extensive contemplation, I have decided to model my life after. Thank you again and don't forget to write.

Jeremy Robins
1984-93



JJ's, Rooster (we were first), Dominican, FASCINATING! , bus. ba-hey, the Isle of the Bad, Dominican (you MUST please us), the brains of Lit class, violent french/german vocal skits, the Krankenschwester, Mike & Bike, Kombat, "the bigger the gun...the badder the fun", Oxford 92, etc, etc; these are the few things left in my brain after 10 wholesome years at RSGC. Thanks: Peaceman, Dr. Andy, Big Al, BadBoy, Jord, Gord, Magee, Jer, Prior, Dan, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the CIA, Homer J., Lex & Niki, Johnny-Boy, Guy, Dr. Glove, and a special thanks to Beth, and mom & pop.

They're not going to get me this innings. Warm bed; warm fullblooded life.

- Joyce, Ulysses

Why make sense when you can make pizza?

- Zippy the Pinhead

Daragh Sankey



Seven years...I will attempt to refrain from the use of "meaningless words". I'd like to thank the Junior School teachers for their solid foundation. Senior School: Acl, A&G, Finite, Chem, Physics, Bio, Eng, Writer's, French, Deutsch, Politics. A special thanks to all my teachers. Memories: Mr. Latimer's Friday morning meetings(?), "Hey, Johnny!!", "Why You Do This?", "Danny Jackson!?!", "Let's Rock n' Roll!", "Lumbers, Boo!!", "State your sources!". In a feeble attempt to creat a conclusion, thanks to: P.E.O., A.L., F.I.G., M.Q.L., D.B.S.; I hope the others will forgive me. P.S. Young Republicans and Conservatives Club.

"Arriving at our final destination, it is too late to realize our mistakes. To even try and correct them is an error in itself."

"Never use a long word where a short one will do."
George Orwell

Dan Simoncic



How do you sum up seven years? Well, Snowball fights inside the classroom in seven, Bradley in grade 8 (Kikaboo juice) grade nine with T-Bu. She's indescribable! "Ich suche eine Wohnung!" Fulford English, World Issues, Deutches (I only sneezed!) Calculus (thank God for labs!) Thanks to Mr. Love, Rankin and Pengelly, Hu and Jule for a great year on the GO-tram. Love to friends and family.

"So fast and furious am I compelled to live now that there is scarcely time to record these fragmentary notes."

- Henry Miller "Tropic of Cancer"

"If you want to *\$@# with the eagles you've got to learn how to fly."

- Heather Chandler

Bruce Sinclair



First off, I'd like to thank my mom and dad. Then the school and all its fine teachers and coaches.

Memories:

- That "Thursday night" during Gr. 10 March Break
- Gr. 11 March Break, Thompson's
- The Lip Synch
- My cottage, Abacubab, and New Jack Hustler
- P.V. Lennoxville and the Dr.

As well thanks to Big Tex, Jer, Gord and the Tri-Lams.

To the Hunters

- Steve - "---- you, Mudd!"
- El Wappo - "Oh John! I don't."
- Krazy - "My head is a bus, Vamose a la cama."
- Larry - "Hey, are my eyes red? Does anyone have any Visme."
- Taco - "I'm not hen pecked! Hey, Que Pasa?" For all the Hunters - "Hey Steve, why don't you get us some drinks?"

Tim Sjogren



Thanks, R.S.G.C., for five great years. Soccer, Volleyball, Track, Baseball and Basketball, Lennoxville, Holidax, Buffalo, New York, Boston and the grad trip to Dominican. Thanks to my family, Roger, Jer, Andy, Prior, Brendan, the hunters, and all the prefects.

- we did have a skit but
- web!
- can you say ...
- ya, good one!
- Turv, where's Yelle?
- It's so brutal!
- Rado
- don't mess with the Turk Boy!
- Hmmm! I guess I'm having the dinner party again.

Oh ... Let's not and say we did

Garfield

Dan Tecimer



*Don't miss the magic of the moment by
focusing on what's to come*

And so it comes time to graduate. Seven good years behind me thanks to the community of SGC. To the teachers, thank you for forcing me to work my hardest. BP, CD, MO, GL, MP, Dr.S - Pushing me to see the question, not only the answer. To my friends, WM!! (DB), BS (calc buddy), NM, BD (chem 101), Execu-C, PA (lego), AP+HS, Duane (I knew we could make it work), CM, you made it all worth it. Mom, Dad, you have always been here for me, thanks. To Andrea - we can go far, comfortably. Good luck, everyone, whatever you may find yourself doing.

Kevin Thompson

Thank you R.S.G.C., to my mom and dad and to all my friends who helped to make so many great memories. Montreal, Bishops, Bran, "The Willie Veterans", "The Shed", Mr. Dunkleeee! My basement. Thank you J.M. for being such a great friend, and I would like to end this with the immortal words of the great Roger waters. "There's someone in my head but it's not me." Oh, I almost forgot the "Blue Zone" and "Aunt Jude". But how could I forget?

Mark Turvey





Andrew Waschuk

If you face the fact that you have weak muscles, say, then you can do the right things and eventually become strong. But if you ignore What's There and try to lift someone's car out of a ditch, what sort of condition will you be in after a while? And even if you have more muscle than anyone alive, you still can't push over a freight train. The wise know their limitations; the foolish do not.

- Benjamin Hoff



Chris Watchorn

Ten years! Where does the time go? Over the years I've made friends with many people and memories to last a lifetime. New York, Quebec, JA, Mr. Hookey (the file), Norval, the Bookstore (Mr. Happy), Calculus, & the Prefect Room.

Thanks to Mum & Dad. Thanks to Kevin, Ikuma, Dan, JRL, Mr. Love, Dr. B, Mr. Happy, and everyone else that has been there over the years. And a special thanks to Michelle for her love and support.

Good-bye, RSGC - Thanks for everything!

Don't take life lying down. Get off your fundament and make your mark!



All the things that helped me retain my sanity throughout high school:

Guys and Dolls, OUAM, T-Bu's English class, Enza, Ukrainian Royalty, Punk, The long black bus at the Q.E.H., Corkey did it! URA *BABY! New Year's Eve-- Waterloo, New York, 12 min. plane ride, Earth Day, Grade 10, LET'S TALK TUNA! Presents B S S and Havergal formals, senus, Single Digit Babes! Duane's hate stick, Pottery, Nicole, you're it!

And, finally, To P.E.O. -- Stay away from my kids.

Bye, guys. Keep your ears open for me.

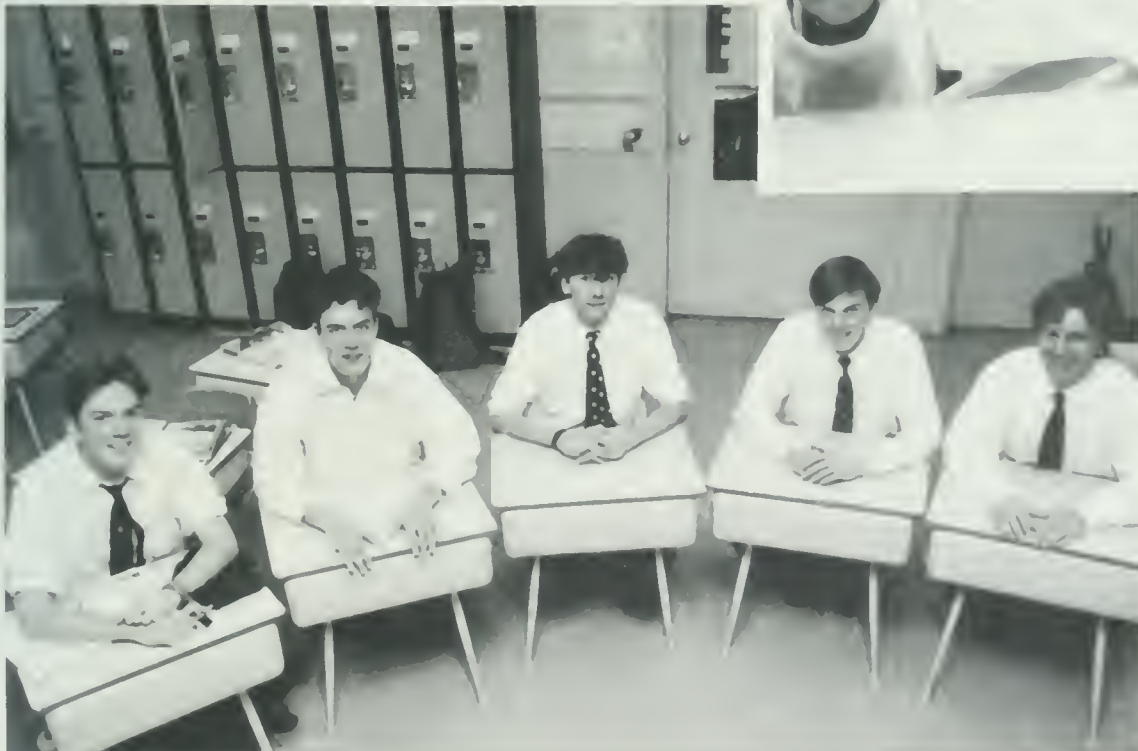
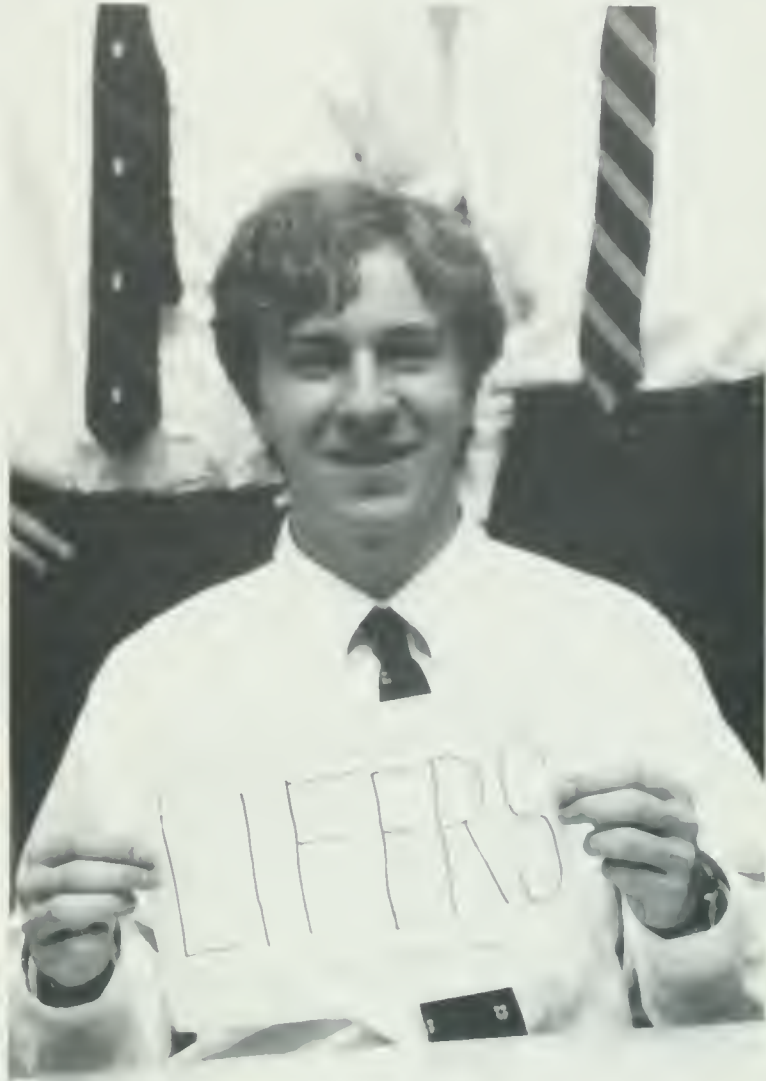
Chris Wright.



Terry Kerr

Terry has been at Royal St. George's College since September 1990. He has taken a keen interest in music at the school. Terry's musical talent has, in fact, allowed him to play in a professional band this year. Terry's other interests include art and drama. We wish Terry the best of luck in the future.

'LIFERS'



Lifers are those who have spent the years from Grade 4 to Grade 13 at Rosguc (Saguc when they started)

Here, the noble harvest of '93

T

HE ROYAL GEORGIANS



T

WELVE S



Back row: Aaron Macanuel, David Lindberg, James Clarkson, Fraser MacFarlane, Sandy Cameron, Julian Thornbury, Mark Andersen.

Middle row: Nicholas Blanchette, Adam Wood, Anik Sane, Douglas Fawley, Andreas Merath, Nicholas Robins, Philip Pace, Chris Shannon, Mr. G. Siewert.

Front row: Huey Lee, Matthew Aaronson, Alex Smith, Nigel Stem, Robert Kenedi.

T

WELVE K



12K CLASS WRITE-UP

It all began early one October morning, when a telegram arrived in our classroom. It stated that the class of 12K was cordially invited to Hollywood to attend the gala premiere of Mr. John Keenan's latest film, "T.R.- The Teddy Roosevelt Story". Jardine bought us a school bus with stolen student council funds and Zarb painted the outside of the vehicle with Navajo Indian designs. Without further ado, we all piled in and headed off to California, the proverbial land of milk and honey. It wasn't long before disaster struck our happy crew, starting us quickly on a downward spiral towards our final, tragic end. The first stumbling block of the trip took place in Buffalo, when Lint and Rose left the bus to supposedly catch a midnight showing of "Risky Business" and see some hot jazz. Their bodies were found later. The situation soon went from bad to worse in the ensuing days and nights on the road. Piller, Stait-Gardiner, and Alexander committed a joint suicide at the back of the bus by eating some of Nigel Stein's quiche. To make matters worse, Sterin began to have hallucination about James Berry dressed up like the Wicked Witch of the West. Bobechko left the tour in the prairies of Utah, presumably to join a Mormon community and lead a life of polygamy. When we reached San Francisco, Zarb's constant rantings about Salvador Dali and tie-dyes forced us to throw him out of the bus at the corner of Haight-Ashbury. Isbister volunteered to drive the bus as we were nearing Los Angeles, and in our boundless idiocy we thought no harm would come of Simon being put in a position of power. How wrong we were! Isbister fell asleep at the wheel and abruptly took the bus off the freeway and speeding down a hill. We all screamed as the bus crashed into the "Y" on the "HOLLYWOOD" sign and exploded into hundreds of flaming pieces. As I was slowly dying on the desert ground, the final words I heard were Dan Neysmith's cries of "The proletariat, man, they did this to us!"

Amazingly enough, the trip was left with a single survivor by the name of Richard W. Rayfield. After receiving treatment for minor injuries at a local hospital, Rayfield proceeded to Mann's Chinese Theater for a "Movie Premiere for One, Monsieur Waffle!"

by Timothy Magee



Back row: Mairaj Ahmed, Christaan Piller, Jamie Press, Kevin Lint, Daniel Neysmith, Cameron Rose, Reizal Satchu.
Middle row: Simon Isbister, Colin Watson, Tim Magee, Craig Stait-Gardner, Ernest Chan, Brian Bobechko, Chris Zarb, Richard Rayfield, Mr. J. Keenan.
Front row: Gord Macey, Alex Evis, Bruce Jardine, Jeremy King, Peter Andrikopoulos, David Alexander.





Back row: Andre du Toit, Andrew Seace, Andrew Wolinsky, David Vaillancourt, John Miller, Patrick Ronaldson, Aaron Thompson, David Gibbs.
 Middle row: Ravi Jagasia, Tom Keefe, Chris Palalas, Matthew Chubb, Grant Loveland, Blake Markle, Chris Lawrence, Andrew Neelands, Mr. N. Van Herk.
 Front row: Waleed Jabshah, Phillip Hardie, Geoff Bellingham, Nicholas Boyce, Omar Rajani, Liffin McWhinnie.



E

LEVEN V

E

LEVEN D



Back row: Jens Videbak, Paul Johnston, Geoff Golding, Erik Otema, Sandy McNab, Shane Duff, Geoff McGrath.
Middle row: Matthew Sack, Ed Conroy, Tom Simpkins, Chris Remerowski, Scott Yelle, Andrew Austin, Marcus Ho, Michael Pirnak, Mr. C. D'Arcy.
Front row: Stephen Mitchell, Nicholas Kwong, Brian Carr, Matt Madigan, Eric Tsang, Curtis Carter.



EN K



Back row: Trevor Allan, Daniel Sternberg, Peter McCague, Philippe Bedard, Chris George, Andrew von Teichman, Peter Labancz, Stephen Pratt, Adam Freyseng.
Middle row: Mr. J. Kerr, Jim Bunting, Robert Schwartz, Drew Gulyas, Adrian Press, John Pennal, Jason Pantalone, John Damanis, Dan Mudd.
Front row: Randolph Depoo, Oliver Zecha, Ian Cornell, Greg Barnett, Andrew Sjogren

Trevor Allan: "Where's Dan?"
Gregory Barnett: "The Worst"
Philippe Bedard: "Your batting stance sucks, Teich"
Jim Bunting: "What's this stuff all over me?"
Ian Cornell: "?!@#567^&*!"
John Damanis: "My jeans aren't that tight"
Randolph Depoo: "Where are the Hoochies?"
Christopher George: "The thing, The face, T-a-r-a"
Devon: "The wagoner-NOT"
Andrew Gulyas: "Fire in the hole"
Matthew Kenney: "Look away!"
Peter Labancz: "Water polo is a real sport!"
Peter McCague: "She's unbelievable"
Daniel Mudd: "I think you know what time is!"
Jason Pantalone: "Pee Wee"
John Pennal: "You're a loser!"
Stephen Pratt: "I've got a shipment coming in"
Adrian Press: "I'm touring with the circus"
Robert Schwartz: "I look at me!"
Andrew Sjogren: "Fact: To prevent scurvy, suck limes!"
Daniel Sternberg: "May two-four NT! Jack"
Andrew von Teichman: "Do you like April tools?"
Oliver Zecha: "I think I'm going to puke"
Mr. Kerr: "Where are my pills, arrrrh!"



EN C



Back row: Jamie Frawley, Philippe Maheux, Andrew Miller, Taylor Armstrong, John Sedgwick, Geoffry Mariani.
 Middle row: Daniel Kircher, Edward Ayoub, Daniel McNamara, Tim Pacaud, Matthew Kelly, Matthew Rubinoff,
 David Dewees, Behzad Ghotb, Mr. A. Cooper.
 Front row: Andrew Blanchette, Malcolm Wilkinson, Andrew Cook, Tufan Ugur, Andrew Holownych, Naohide Nasu.
 Absent: Ashley Perreault.



Back row: Robert Burkett, Paul King, Graham Wright, Matthew Morden, David Bain, John Golding, Adam Powadiuk, Robert Bell, Angus Robinson.
Middle row: Pankaj Bhatia, Drew Pearson, Greg Karout, Kate Calderisi, Jason Taylor, Gavin Sweet, Peter Wharton, Gavin Bee, Netan Choudry, Mr. B. Pederson.
Front row: Brian Birnbaum, Jake Thompson, Tyler Hasen, Dennis Chiu, Scott McMaster, Wade Fox.



INE P

NINE H

9H: WHERE ARE THEY NOW???

The year is 2024. All the Grade Nines have grown up and are at jobs that, due to a computerized decision, suit their varied personalities.

George Bassel, now runs 5 businesses and is currently working in the boardroom of a sixth. When asked if he would ever stop working, he said, "No!!"

Mike Vitorovich, after cornering the rap music industry as a lead singer of macroscopic proportions, retired to his privately-owned half of Indiana State. Although his house takes up a quarter of his property, he is still very happy.

D'Arcy Chandler and Chris Petrie discovered a way to plug into a computer and are still plugged in to this day. Very little has been heard from them since Discovery Day (1999), except for "Beep, beep".

Steve Brooks, Justin Hartwell, Jeremy Elliot, Josh McKillop, and Andreas Mellema have just finished a worldwide tour with their band, "-----" (can't spoil the surprise!) They have no comment.

Noah Waisberg and Toby Milrose formed a law firm. They would probably still be running but for the fact that Toby shot Noah with a shotgun full of rusty nails. Toby is still a fugitive.

Brian Pho, Ian Roberts, Evan Schwartz, and Gaff Norton are staunch supporters of the 'Little People League' which they formed and still maintain.

"Dak" DeKerckhove, Glen Lou-Hing, Alex Moniz-Brown, Joshua Burnett, Tim Boyce, and Bernard Bieberstein disappeared on a pleasure cruise in the Bermuda Triangle. We can only hope that they are happy.

David Engle, Robbie Watt, and Ben Watsa are still waiting to get out of their last class in university. Part of the university's psychological testing program on what a student reacts to more, information or the final bell, they were forgotten and are slowly beginning to wonder if they are late for the graduation.

Fraser Adams bought the Pittsburgh Penguins and occasionally plays with them. He enjoys himself a lot and might have played for them professionally if he had stopped falling asleep at regular intervals of his life.

Even if all the people in 9H didn't turn out for the best, you have to say something. Did you really expect them to do something out of character???

-Tobias Milrose



Back row: Robbie Watt, Ben Watsa, Tobias Milrose, George Bassel, Stephen Brooks, Andreas Mellema, Michael Vitorovich, Alex Moniz-Brown, Derrick de Kerckhove.
Middle row: Tim Boyce, Joshua McKillop, Evan Schwartz, Jeremy Elliott, Noah Waisberg, Justin Hartwell, Chris Petrie, D'Arcy Chandler, Fraser Adams, Geoff Norton, Mr. Holdsworth.
Front row: Bernard v. Bieberstein, Glenn Lou-Hing, Ian Roberts, Brian Pho, David Engle, Josh Burnett.





Back row: Andrew Beadon, Christian Friis, Richard Wong, Justin Estacion, Peter Metzger, Stel Waschuk, Brett Grantham, Justin Kutzko.

Middle row: Mr. Wade West, Nicholas Yap, Hatem Jahsheh, Phillip Blanchette, Timothy Franklin, Stuart Coristine, Adrian Ho, Paul Saumets, Gregory Rosocha, Alexander Palalas.

Front row: Daniel Thomson, Alastair Kellett, James Boake, Robert Mellema, Daniel Campbell, Marcel Merath, Ashraf Choksi.



EIGHT W

Let's look back to the '92, '93 year in Grade 8W

First there's Dan Thomson who always has his nose in one of his Dungeons & Dragon books

Then Stel Waschuk, who has this big fantasy of someday becoming enrolled in Starfleet academy and then becoming the Commander of a Federation Starship

Then there's Alex Palalas, who's always double checking with the teacher to see if he's doing what he's suppose to be doing correctly

Now there's Greg Rosocha and Justin Kutzko, the psycho Kamikazes who are always up to no good.

Captain Kellett the peacemaker is a great athlete and a smart friendly guy

Then there's Robert Mellema, who's always disagreeing with a statement the teacher makes

The funniest guy is Christian Friis with his woodchuck voice imitation.

Then there's the war maniac who's always drawing guns and bombs or talking about a possible World War III, Brett Grantham.

Now here's a future goalie prospect for the Toronto Blizzard or Team Canada, Hatem Jahsheh.

Here's the football maniac who always is the first one out onto the front field to play a mean game of football at lunch, Ashraf Choksi

Then there's the student who is awarded the "most forgetful" certificate of the year every year You guessed, Stuart Coristine.

Justin Estacion is bragging every single day of all the Marvel Comics he has and how much they're worth. It's a real pain.

Now to Tim Franklin. If you spot a girl you seem to like you can bet he'll be there to give his opinion of her.

Andy Beadon is the one you'll spot every day checking his nails, seeing if they're trimmed properly or not.

Then there's James Boake. You can't really say much about him, seeing that he is sick most of the year.

Now there's Daniel Campbell who's face always turns red when the teacher assigns him a question.

Phillip Blanchette is a young chap from NO MAN'S LAND, Oakville!

Then there's Marcel Merath, who's always discussing things with Palalas, like what the next betting pool will be.

Then Nicholas Yap. It seems like he will grow up to be a famous artist, seeing that his pictures are always so precise and excellent-looking

Pete Metzger is Jazzing up A Band with his Electric Bass.

Adrian Ho. He's an excellent athlete, get good marks and is friendly and helpful to others

Richard Wong who is always trying to keep up with Paul in the book reports

Paul Saumets who is normally always ahead of Richard in book reports

This has been a great year at R S G C for me

Paul Saumets

GRADE EIGHT H



Back row: Timothy Adams, Mark Han, Harry Joshi, Andrew Bryant, Jamie Lint, Elliot Hughes, Ryan Mulvihill, Kevan Barnett, Quincy Lui.
Middle row: Mr. Hutchison, Michael Manning, Alexis Levine, James Sedgwick, Peter Koven, Joshua Melvor, Michael Kelly, Mark Otema, David Robinette, Michael Adams, David D'Onofrio, Thomas D'Arcy.
Front row: David Forrest, Simon Cook-Roffey, Robert Sternberg, Daniel Medd, Barrie Dryden, Kendry Watson, Fraser Tamaki.

FUTURE CAREERS OF EIGHT H

Michael Adams

Michael Adams becomes a cruel and ruthless judge and world famous for putting the assassin Michael Kelly behind bars.

Tim Adams

Jim becomes a well known guitarist and is quoted saying, "St. George's was a wicked blast, man!"

Kevin Barnett

Kevin becomes a banker, learning his money skills from his previous borrowing talent at St. George's College to buy ice cream.

Andrew Bryant

Andrew will become a doctor of medicine and will specialize in dislocated arms. He will also hold the record for the most chin-ups.

Simon Cook-Roffey

Simon will own a cookie factory called Cookie's cookies.

Thomas D'Arcy

Thomas will become a successful potato farmer and will have a part-time job as a pillow tester.

David D'Onofrio

David owns a successful Italian fast food restaurant.

Mark Han

Mark becomes a French professor at the University of Paris.

David Forrest

David becomes a lecturer at Queen's University and he has been known to talk non-stop for at least twenty-four hours.

Barrie Dryden

Barrie becomes a Science teacher at University of Toronto. He wrote his thesis on "Cruelty to mealworms."

Elliot Hughes

Elliot opens a store called "Tall and proud."

Harry Joshi

Harry is serving a twenty-five year sentence in prison for stealing millions of dollars' worth of computer equipment and setting upon the computer world a very severe computer virus.

Michael Kelly

Michael will become an assassin and will be known for the killing of several important men. He now is in for life with his old friend Michael Adams.

Peter Koven

Peter becomes a minister in Parliament and is known to be very nice to the page boys, having been one himself so many years ago.

Alexis Levine

Alexis will become the President of Greenpace.

Jamie Lint

Jamie has become a professional basketball player and is the first player in history to be able to slam dunk without jumping.

Quincy Lui

Quincy has become a professional wrestler and is a part-time violinist.

Michael E. Manning

Michael has become a professional hockey player.

Joshua Melvor

Joshua has become an author and is well-known for his bestseller book, "Seemingly Useless Looney Answers to Simple, to-the-point, Basic but Important Questions."

Daniel Medd

Daniel has opened a shop with David Robinette called "Completely Star Trek" selling only Star Trek goods.

Ryan Mulvihill

Ryan has become a horror writer and his new book "Death, Death, and more Death" has become a bestseller.

David Robinette

See Daniel Medd.

Jamie Sedgwick

Jamie owns a demolition squad which tears down old buildings with their own hands.

Robert Sternberg

Robert has become a basketball player and is the shortest slam dunker in history.

Fraser Tamaki

Fraser has become a marine and has no problem with his haircut.

Kendry Watson

Kendry has become a hairdresser and owns a series of shops.

By Joshua Melvor

SEVEN R

In the year 2050, Matthew McCormick is walking around the city handing out coupons for a free Big Mac. Tim Nagel is the top lawyer in the city. Terry Oh is now a beggar on the street and Adrian Graham is an opera singer.

Michael Chen is lying in his grave. He died in Math class. Mr. McElroy shot him a dozen times. Hayden Ho is the owner of both Sony and Nintendo. Matthew Donald is the deliverer for Dominoes Pizza. Michael Anstey breeds cats and dogs.

Dougal Bruce and Michael Fountain are actors. They have signed more autographs than the Toronto Blue Jays. Adrian Kelly is a sports broadcaster and Kenneth Adams is a Real Estate Agent. Matthew Bolland and Lawrence Brammer are in the army.

Geoffrey Cowper-Smith owns a restaurant that has better food than McDonald's.

Ben Sharma is the new Mayor of Toronto and Ryan Gulyas owns a supermarket. Andrew Jones sells video games with Timothy Phillips and Ryan Thompson.

Adrian Walker and Derek Wong work for the company Coca-Cola. I am a fish farmer breeding Tuna and selling it to the Japanese. Juris Langins is the owner of Marvel Comics. Morgan Rueter works with the TTC.

- Samuel Hui



Back row: Andrew Jones, Hayden Ho, Lawrence Brammer, Matthew Bolland, Matthew McCormick, Dougal Bruce, Tim Pyper, Tim Phillips, Michael Chen, Mr. Reid.

Middle row: Ryan Gulyas, Samuel Hui, Terry Oh, Ryan Thompson, Michael Anstey, Matthew Donald, Juris Langins, Michael Fountain, Adrian Kelly, Morgan Rueter.

Front row: Adrian Walker, Timothy Nagel, Geoffrey Cowper-Smith, Kenneth Adams, Benjamin Sharma, Adrian Graham, Derek Wong.



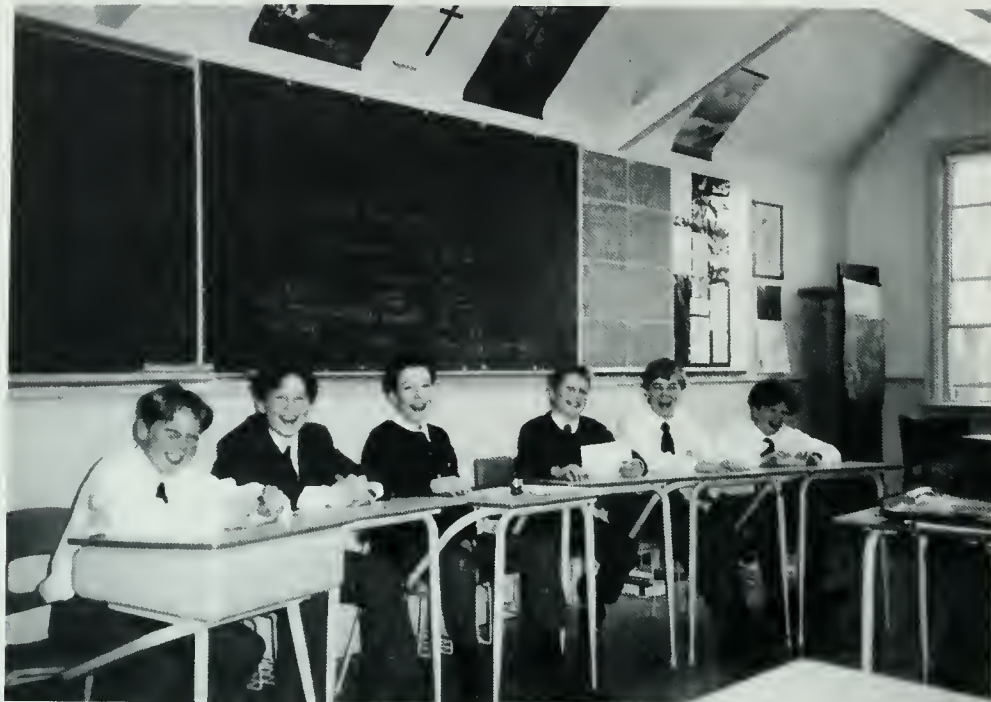
S

EVEN R



G

RADE SEVEN B



As I walk into the locker room in the early morning, I see Alexander Ince-Cushman get out his bright pink pencil case and throw stuff into his locker, imitating a basketball player. Teichman is showing off his variety of sweets in his locker. John Ortved is thinking about all the sweets he can buy at the ice-cream truck. Ben Munger, John Millman and David Koo are talking about baseball and imitation pitchers and batters. Messrs. Wallace, Lee, Pyron and Gibson are imitating the pigeon call. Mr. Hwang is getting out his books and eating chocolate-covered raisins. Just then Ted Meighen rushes into the locker room hoping not to be late.

As we rush up the stairs to our classroom everybody in the classroom is doing the tomahawk chop. Charles is giggling at some remark and looking at Humpty Dumpty - his egg for his English debate. He is laughing at how it will look as it drops into a basket and smashes to smithereens. All the soccer players are thinking about last night's game. Just then, Mr. Birkett walks into the classroom.

- Allan Humphries



Back row: Rob Clark, Jonathan Lee, Ted Meighen, Albert Ho, Allan Humphries, Damian Abraham, Michael von Teichman, Alex Ince-Cushman, Cameron Wing.

Middle row: Andrew Davis, Benjamin Munger, Adam Green, David Koo, Duncan Gibson, David Hwang, Joshua Estacion, Chris Ford, Jonathan Millman, Mr. Birkett.

Front row: Justin Wallace, Chasen Paul, Timothy Pyron, Daniel MacDonald, Michael Popielaty, Charles Arnett, John Ortved.

Absent: Graham McLorie.



RADE SIX M



I would like to tell you about Grade 6M and what my opinion is about the class. First I'll tell you about the people in the class.

David Baker likes to debate on issues and subjects that get presented in class. (If we had a debating team, he would be captain)

Richard Chin is one of our top athletes, I wouldn't be surprised if he became a big league sports player.

I myself don't really know what to say except that I hope to get a good mark this year.

Cameron Fiske has an interest in a lot of things. I believe he could be anything he wants to be.

Micheal Fodor is the entertainer of the class. I bet he will have a career in show business.

Kerry Huntley's middle name should be "Sports". He was the one who helped us beat Grade 6L 1-0 in a soccer game.

Hansun Kang will probably get a degree of some sort. He will major in a subject like Math or Science.

Adam Koebel is like this school. Serious about a lot of stuff (he could, if he tried, get into Canada's Government).

Daniel Koo has a lot to say at times, so I think like others he should try his hand at debating.

Justin Leung is one of the best students in Grade 6. Justin could become a scientist if he wanted to.

Jamie McIntosh in my opinion has the skill to play in the N.F.L. or L.F.D. He would be a good quarterback.

Andrew Pettit also has the talent to go into show business. Probably comedy or adventure movies.

Malcolm Robinson likes to take issue and speak about them in his own way. I think he will be a newscaster.

Jeffrey Taylor has a future in singing. He is in a choir already.

David Wong will be either a sports player or a politician. He will do well in one or the other.

Karson Yiu is a great student, I think he will also be a scientist.

Mr. McMaster, our form master is "The Best".

Overall, I believe all our futures will be connected with one phrase which is, "Would you like fries with that order?"

But besides that, there is one thing that stands true today.

6M Rules!!

Andrew Epstein



Back row: Andrew Pettit, Malcolm Robinson, Karson Yiu, Kerry Huntley, Michael Fodor, Jamie McIntosh, Jeffrey Taylor, Andrew Epstein, Mr. McMaster.

Front row: Daniel Koo, Richard Chin, Cameron Fiske, Adam Koebel, David Wong, Justin Leung, David Baker, Hansun Kang.

GRADE 6L

Peter Bellingham: Life ambition: to win Lotto 649.

Ryan Edmonds: 6L's Nintendo genius.

Mark Ferns: Probable future: 1st baseman for the Toronto Blue Jays.

Barrett Holman: Super Bowl material!

Scott Hong: Blows a mean clarinet.

Kerin Kutzko: Known for his famous stories.

Tyler Lalonde: Enjoys the trumpet.

Keith Lui: A wiz at the computer.

Paul O'Regan: Probable future: Corvette collector.

James Obaji: All the way from Mississauga.

Shawn Sindelar: Probable future: Mystery novel writer.

Liam Somerville: Our only bass!!

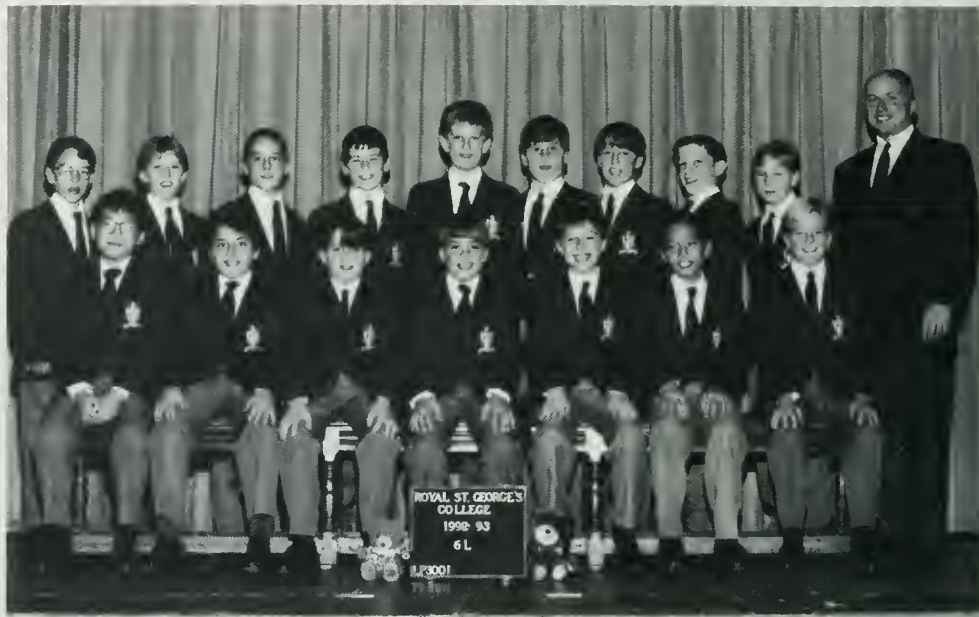
Michael Stratton: Super athlete.

Aidan Thompson: Enjoys B band.

Philip Watson: Parlez-vous français?

Joel Wolinsky: Probable future: Captain of the L.A. Kings.

By Peter Bellingham



Back row: Mark Ferns, Joe. Wolinsky, Shawn Sindelar, Liam Somerville, Ryan Edmonds, Philip Watson, Paul O'Regan, Micheal Stratton, Barrett Holman, Mr. Leatch.

Front row: Keith Lui, James Obaji, Aidan Thompson, Kevin Kutzko, Peter Bellingham, Scott Hong, Tyler Lalonde.



GRADE 5



Back row: Jacob McCombs, Kazuo Oishi, Sean Phillips, Erik Olsson, Andrew O'Brien, Andrew Cornil, Mr. Lee
Front row: Jonathan Lofft, Lindsay Templeton, Walter Davies, Peter Adams, Michael Pang, David Reeser, David Reibetanz.



I, David Reibetanz, lieutenant commander of the R S G C Starship Fivesurprise, respectfully submit this log of our most recent journey. Under the command of Captain Leecard, we blasted off with our warp engines on the 9th of September 1992.

Our first stop was la lune, where Co Captain Denis took a group of the lunatics from the ship and relieved them from duty. Next, we cruised into the area of the planet Grammar. As soon as we started orbiting we experienced considerable turbulence from the flying sentence fragments in the atmosphere. However, we were able to land without damage, and we were greeted by King Predicate, a very active verbal individual. He was very nice, but his subjects were rather stupid: they were all simple.

So we took off again with some relief and headed for the planet Math. What a great place for dinner: the Dividers had set out an enormous feast for us, on huge multiplication tables. There was so much to eat that they gave us extra to take back with us, which they call Homework. It made some of us sick.

We tried next to land on the planet Science, but whenever we came near its atmosphere, static electricity push us away again. Also, the region near the moon Celsius was full of broken thermometers from an explosion in the early Experimental Age. So we veered off towards the planet Social Studies, but we didn't stay there long because the only food was buffalo chips.

We wanted to get back to earth by Christmas, so we turned around and headed home. Our journey was without incident except for an outbreak of the McMaster Disaster Virus. This caused the ship to rock violently back and forth, and sent several of us to the Sick Bay with severe cases of Lines.

When we landed at See House Terminal, we beamed down (or Bar lowered, as we call it) and we all received our exam schedule. We are currently preparing for a 'Vulcan Mind Meld'. Fortunately we have each other to 'Klingon' to.

Submitted on behalf of the entire crew
Lieutenant's log Stardate 92112

- David Reibetanz

FOUR

It was the first day of school. When I woke up in the morning I thought of all the events that would take place. I was very excited and nervous. While my mother was preparing breakfast I was getting ready to go to school.

My dad drove me to Howland Avenue and parked in the school compound. At 8:15 the Headmaster came out and welcomed the students to the school. Soon after, our class teacher, Mr. McElroy, led the Grade Four students to our classroom. Each one of us was given a desk, and a locker.

Later in the morning, Mr. McElroy led the entire class to the principal's office. We all received a Junior School tie from Dr. Barlow, but none of us knew how to tie a tie. It was so funny! One boy even made a noose around his neck.

The headmaster invited the staff, prefects and all the new students to a barbecue. There were plenty of hot dogs and pop cans. Since I was hungry I ate three hot dogs and even that wasn't enough. In the meantime the prefects went around helping the boys with their school ties. While I was tying my tie a prefect took a picture of me with his camera.

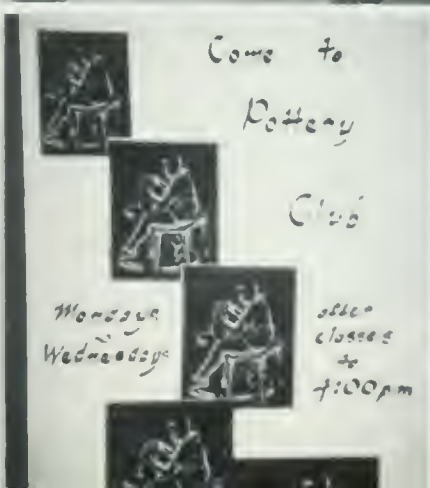
We were all dismissed at twelve noon. My first day at Royal St. George's was indeed an exciting day.

-Jonathan Abraham



Back row: Jonathan Abraham, Sandy Gibson, Burke Telfer, Adam Donald, Evan Koebel, Garth Millar, Mr. McElroy.
Front: David Berridge, Trevor Thompson, Fraser Buchan, Ivan Chin, Tarek Awad, Edward Rawlinson, Ivan Tsang.





DEBATING

The College takes public speaking and debating seriously as means to develop self-possession and self-confidence in participants. Matches are held regularly against other schools, and St. George's hosts an annual debating "saucer" (not a "cup"!) competition. At this year's competition, the College invited Ms June Callwood to be our guest speaker. Pictures, right show a portion of the audience, Ms. Callwood, and our own Ms Miller. Ms Callwood spoke about how the exclusionary values of the tribe, so necessary at one stage of Man's evolution, according to her, must now give way to new, inclusionary values, to include members of other "tribes" not our own.



Picture, below, shows Junior School boys, Damian Abraham, Walter Davies and Jeffrey Taylor, who participated in Sterling Hall School's public speaking tournament in early April. Walter was first in his (Grade Five) class.



CHAPEL



Chapel is held twice a week in the mornings for Senior and Junior School separately, and the whole College assembles for Evensong every Friday afternoon. In addition special services—eucharists—are held on occasions like Remembrance Day and on the great festivals of the Church's year.

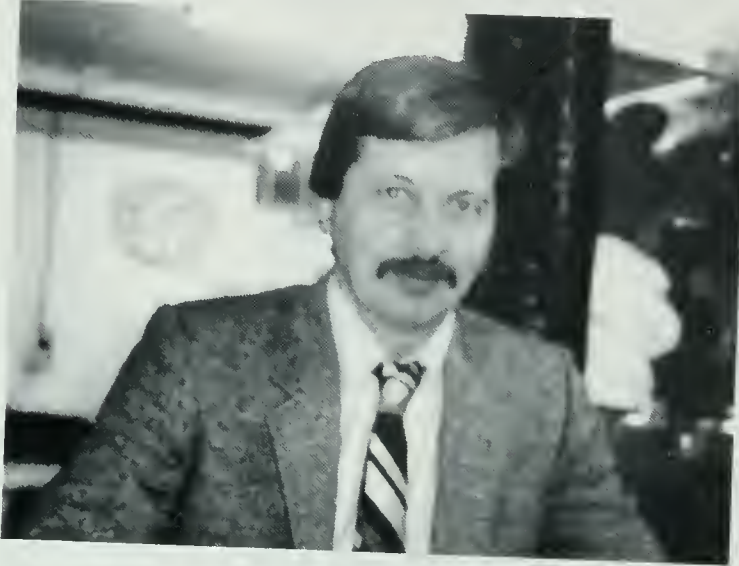
SERVERS' GUILD



The servers assist at all Chapel services, involving the whole school, and in the mid-week early morning Holy Communion and eucharist. They assist the chaplain and learn and perform the ceremonial of the Anglican liturgy.

BOOKSTORE

The bookstore provides students with the chance to learn merchandising and warehousing of stock, or, inventory control. Mr. Devereaux, below, is the man in charge. Picture, right, shows worker Chris Watchorn.



CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club this year was comprised of Simon "Is Better" Isbister, Christopher "Shooter" Petrie and Mr. (inimitable) Timm. This threesome shot a lot more pix than you might think. Simon and Chris in particular did outstanding work, shooting sports events, cultural events, main events, not so main events, and generally getting up people's noses. The dark room saw some use as well, and no one, O.K. almost no one, O.K. not everyone, printed lewd pictures of girl friends or otherwise. Next year's motto: "faces, boys, faces.."

- Mr. Timm



COMMUNITY SERVICE



The College tries to have some outreach into the wider community via community service activities. Father Hill and Monsieur Denis organize the activities. Pictures, left, show Grade 8's and seniors engaged in various good works. Activities shown are a food drive, and the selling of daffodils to benefit the Cancer Society. The boys were about to set off to subway stations to do the selling.



POTTERY CLUB



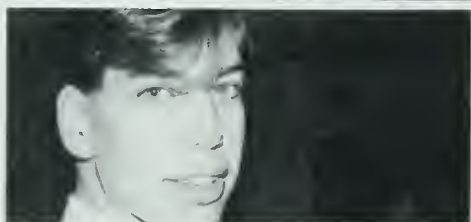
The pottery club is a popular club which enables boys to discover and exploit any creative or artistic talent they may have.

YEARBOOK

Right: Michael Lumbers and Ikuma Fryman; they worked in July to produce this Yearbook. Below, clockwise from top left: Geoffrey Bellingham, Eric Tsang, Nicholas Yap, Alexis Levine, Tobias, Milrose, and Messrs Reid and Lumbers.



TECHNICAL CREW



Once again it has come to that time of year at which point I must review the Technical Crew's efforts for the rest of the student body and it seems that each time I do this, we have worked better as a team on a professional level. Unfortunately, next year our team will be deplet-

ed in a large way. Over the summer we will be losing five crew members, including two department heads, and our fearless leader Mr. Pederson.

But enough about the future, this year was a great success, as far as the first term is concerned. Our crew provided the backing of the Canadian premiere of Len Peterson's play, "Etienne Brûlé". We worked hard to provide the show with effects and sets, above the call of duty. This included a visit by Mr. Holdsworth to the Stratford Festival warehouse. After the show's successful run Len Peterson explained to the crew and the cast how exceptional for a high school production he found our efforts to be.

After the first term the requirements of the crew were minimal, with the annual events such as House Drama Competition, Docu-dramas and, of course, "Final Curtain". As well, the crew finally took a stab at an idea we had been playing with for awhile, the concept of showing full length feature films on the rear cyc of the stage. However, due to the usual Georgian strength of school support, the idea was abandoned after two showings.

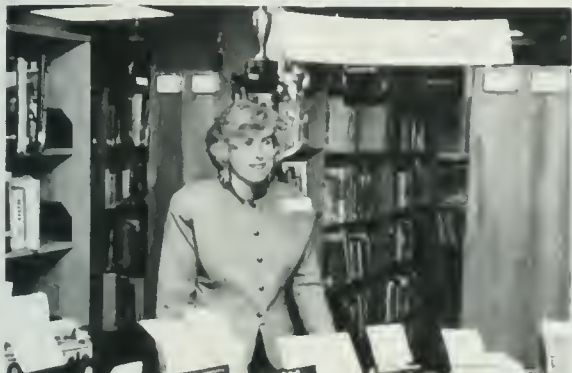
Despite the usual disagreements with the "C" band, the R.S.G.C. Technical Crew managed to have a productive year as well as a good time.

Christiaan Piller
Head Of Stage





LIBRARY



The Library under Mrs. Walsh, provides a warm home for students, readers and idlers and organizes author parties (pictured, left, is Jack Batten signing). The Class of '75, and book fairs, and receives gladly the help of volunteers.



MUSIC

A WORD FROM THE MUSIC HEAD

Head of Music '93 was Eric Davis. Eric writes that the Music Department had an excellent year in 1993. Photos, right, show him in "rock gear" (he performs in an informal but school-based rock group) and in a more conservative pose. He wishes next year's Music Head and next year's musical groups all the best.



MAYTIME SHOWCASE CONCERT

The Church of the Redeemer
ASTER: APRIL 11 - MAY 29

A FRIEND IS A PERSON
WHO KNOWS ALL
ABOUT YOU
AND LIKES YOU ANYWAY

The musical groups in school, in addition to three end-of-term concerts and many guest appearances at other schools etc., perform formally every year at the Church of the Redeemer, Bloom Street, in May. All the formal musical groups, and individual performers, perform. The occasion, usually blessed with nice Spring weather, is a much-enjoyed one, with a high turn-out of parents and friends.



'A' CHOIR



Back row: Duncan Gibson, David Robinette, Tim Pyper, Tim Nagel, Juris Langins, Joshua Estacion, Justin Estacion, Ben Munger, Stuart Coristine, Tim Phillips, Kevan Barnett
Middle: Dr. Bryant, Adrian Walker, Ken Adams, Michael Popielaty, James Boake, Jonathan Millman.
Front: Justin Wallace, Jonathan Lofft, Tim Pyron, Adrian Graham, Kerry Huntley.



'B' CHOIR



Back row: Graham McLorie, David Koo, Adrian Ho, Joshua Melvor, Alexis Levine, Matthew Boland, Harry Joshi, Mark Han, Dougal Bruce, Michael V. Teichman, Albert Ho, Andrew Jones, Mrs. Graham.

Front row: Alastair Kellett, Hansun Kang, Mark Ferns, Malcolm Robinson, Jamie McIntosh, Shawn Sindelar, Ryan Gulyas, Charles Arnett, Daniel MacDonald, David Baker

SENIOR BAND



Ben Watsa, Brian Pho, David Engle, Fraser Adams, Derrick de Kerckhove, Stephen Brooks, George Bassel, Tim Pacaud, Jeremy Elliott, Malcolm Wilkinson, Joshua McKillop, Andrew Cook, Matthew Kelly, Glenn Lou-Hing, Mr. Martin.



Tim Pacaud writes:-

This year we had a great time with many memorable performances, including Branksome, St. Mildred's and the Spring Concert. We joined with the Jazz Combo to form the Senior Showband, but practiced separately.



Back row: Mr. Wade-West, Tim Adams, Paul Saumets, Jonathan Lee, Justin Kutsko, Mark Otema, Elliott Hughes, Mike Anstey, Fraser Tamaki, Stef Waschuk, Tom D'Arcy, Hatem Jahsheh, Pete Metzger.
Middle row: Lawrence Bramer, Daniel Thomson, Peter Koven, Daniel Medd, Michael Manning, Jamie Lint, Greg Rosocha, Andrew Davis.
Front row: Keith Lun, Richard Wong, Nicholas Yap, Tim Franklin, Christian Friis, Andy Beadon, David Forrest, Jamie Sedgwick, Robert Sternberg, Cameron Wing, Geoff Cowper-Smith, Phillip Blanchette, Hayden Ho.



'A'BAND



Fourth row: Ashraf Choksi, Quincy Lui, Andrew Bryant, Allan Humphries, Rob Clark
 Third row: Karson Yiu, Alex Palalas, Barrie Dryden, Adam Green, Tyler Lalonde.
 Second row: Kevin Kutzko, Scott Hong, David Wong, Michael Adams, Peter Bellingham, Benjamin Sharma.
 First row: Mr. Leatch, Aidan Thompson, Kendry Watson, Adam Koebel, Marcel Merath, Justin Leung, Richard Chin.

'C' BAND

Top row: Michael Fountain, Damian Abraham, Ted Meighen, James Obaji, Paul O'Regan.

Fourth row: Chasen Paul, Michael Chen, Joe, Wolinsky, John Ortved, David Hwang.

Third row: Ryan Mulvihill, Adrian Kelly, Ryan Thompson, Morgan Rueter, Alex Ince-Cushman.

Second row: Mr. Martin, Philip Watson, Andrew Pettit, Cameron Fiske, Andrew Epstein, Liam Somerville.

Front row: Ryan Edmonds, Barrett Holman, Terry Oh, Derek Wong, Chris Ford, Samuel Hui, Daniel Koo.

'Mad Mike' Chen writes:-

I enjoy being in 'C' Band for three reasons: 1) I can store my instrument in a classroom that is a metre only away; 2) Mr. Martin is a good teacher; 3) we get lunch leftovers from Jeanne and Yvette, because our place of practice is Ketchum Hall.

We may not be as advanced as 'B' Band, nor go on a tour, like 'A' Band, but we are very content playing tunes like Stand By Me, The RSGC Blues (written by Mr. Martin) and Bobby Shatto



GRADE FIVE MUSIC

The Grade 5 Band, a small but talented group made up of two flutes, four clarinets, one bass clarinet, two saxophones, three trumpets and drums, performed very well at the Ketchum Hall concerts at the end of each term. The

students also added to the music such things as hippie hairdos (for an arrangement of "We Will Rock You"), and dancing and mouthpiece buzzing (for the "Can Can").

Rear: Kazuo Oishi, Andrew Corneil, Lindsay Templeton, Andrew O'Born, Walter Davies, Erik Olsson, Sean Phillips

Jake McCombs, Peter Adams, David Reibetanz, David Reeser, Jonathan Lofft, Sandy Gibson, Michael Pang,



GRADE FOUR MUSIC

The Grade 4 class performed on recorders and Orff instruments in Ketchum Hall at the December, March and May concerts. The students played carols, French-Canadian folk songs, and, in

March, performed an arrangement of "Achy Breaky Heart", accompanied by Tim Adams on guitar, Pete Metzger on bass and Hatem Jabsheh on drums.

Back row: Evan Koebel, Tarek Awad, Burke Teller, Jonathan Abraham, Adam Donald, Garth Miller, Mr. Wade West.

Front row: David Berridge, Ivan Tsang, Fraser Buchan, Trevor Thompson, Ivan Chin.



THE JAZZ COMBO



From left Blake Markle, Andrew Seace, Daniel Kircher, Mr. Martin, Cameron Rose, Eric Davis, Terrance Kerr, Kevin Lint.

Matthew Kelly writes -

A lot of time and effort was put in by Mr. Martin who introduced us to the world of improvising by teaching us to perform blue solos. The band practiced at least twice a week and performed many concerts, including morning assemblies, the Spring Concert, and performances at St Mildred's-Lightbourne and Branksome Hall. It was a lot of fun.

THE JUNIOR SHOWBAND



Rear row - Tim Adams, Elliot Hughes, Jamie Lint, Peter Metzger, Tim Phillips
Front row - Nicholas Yap, Michael Manning, Daniel Medd, Hatem Jabsheli, Paul Saumets, Lawrence Bramer, Jonathan Lee

STRINGS



I enjoy my string group and what we do in it. Although our performances have been few and far between, and any hopes of accompanying the tour choir was brutally dashed, we persevered. I realize that being one of the few string players is being in an elite "caste". To me, though sometimes it isolates me. I really don't care. It's fun playing the cello.

I hope that next year our group does more and gets more recognition.

Hopefully, after we've done the music in the Prize Day building lobby, people will pay more attention.

- Tobias Milrose

Pictures, right, show, from top left, clockwise: Jeffrey Taylor, Quincy Lui, Adrian Ho, Toby Milrose.



BRASS SEXTET



From left: Mr. Wade West, Tim Pyper, Geoffrey Bellingham, Elliot Hughes, Eric Tsang, Nicholas Yap.

THE VAN- COUVER TRIP '93

As many of you know, the A Band, along with the under-13 basketball team, Mr. Hutchison, Mr. Latimer, and of course, Mr. Wade West, travelled to Vancouver, British Columbia on February 2, 1993, for a concert tour. We were generously hosted by St. George's School (where Mr. Hutchison's brother is the principal). We were also billeted by many of the St. George's boys. On Wednesday we took a ferry over to Victoria. There, we visited the legislative buildings and played at St. Michael's University. The next day, we played at two schools: Cleveland School and Crofton House. On Friday, we played at our host school, St. George's School. Right after the concert, we travelled to Gastown to go shopping. Then we went to York House for our final concert, and quite possibly our best concert. We were tremendously cheered on by a huge crowd. We were a hit! That night, we went and had a bar-beque supper with Mr. Latimer. On Saturday, we helped cheer on the Under-13 basketball team. Some of us were playing chants on our instruments, and some of us were stomping and clapping. On Sunday, we spent a day with our billets when some of us went skiing. Unfortunately, we had to return on Monday. The A Band would like to thank St. George's School, Vancouver for hosting us, the billets for taking care of us while we were out there, Mr. Latimer for coming and cheering us on, Mr. Hutchison for cheering us on as well (and keeping us in order), and Mr. West for making the whole trip possible.

Daniel Medd



FLUTES FOR CHARITY

From left Richard Wong
Christian Fros, Tim Franklin,
Nicholas Yap

The flautists pictured here organized themselves into a group in '92/93 and played before concerts in the College and before the Annual Carol Service in St. James' cathedral in December raising money for charity. Their music was beautiful.



Is Mr. Martin in pain? We trust not Other photos on this page show Mr. Wade West and band members waiting between "acts" during one of the three-times a-year, end of term concerts.

ARTS

DRAMATIC VISUAL, AND PLASTIC

Right: Masks made for the play ETIENNE BRULÉ (see over).
Below: Chris Zarb (Grade 12) holding two of his BRULÉ masks.



ETIENNE BRULÉ

For some, it started out as just another after school activity, for others it was a dream come true. Little did we know what a momentous commitment it was to become.

After weeks of anticipation, it was announced that the 1992-93 RSGC dramatic production was to be a Canadian play titled *ETIENNE BRULÉ*. Written by Len Peterson, it is the story of a sixteen year old Norman peasant who stows on board explorer Samuel de Champlain's ship. A special friendship builds between Brulé and Champlain. When they reach Quebec they build the first French settlement and establish a post for trading with the natives. As their time spent in New France grows, Brulé and Champlain's relationship slowly starts to deteriorate, Brulé becoming more like the Indians and throwing away his old world values, while Champlain remains the same. Brulé enjoys many adventures with the natives and with the native women. He becomes an explorer in his own right, becoming the first white man to discover the great lakes and the first white citizen of Ontario, among other accomplishments.

Many students struggled with the pronunciation of the title and the fact that it wasn't a musical. Director Mr. Holdsworth calmly explained that this was to be a refreshing change from the usual Broadway fluff, and that it was time for some real drama. Auditions were held and parts were cast. Douglas Frawley was cast as Champlain, and I was cast as the other lead, Brulé. Seven other boys ranging from grades 9-12 were given supporting roles, and three girls, two on loan from Havergal College (Karina Miller, Lindsay Ast) and Anne McMaster, on loan from St. Clement's.

Our gruelling rehearsal schedule began on the third day of school in September and continued every weekday after school for three hours up until November 18, the day of the first performance. It was very reassuring to be told by Mr. Holdsworth that we, the cast, had forfeited any right to a social life for the ten weeks of rehearsals.

The rehearsals seemed to fly by with special sessions with Stratford Festival stage-fighting coach, John Stead, teaching Doug and I how to sword-fight for the spectacular fight scene in the first of the two acts and also teaching other members of the cast how to shoot real muskets for the torture and battle scenes in Act Two.

We also enjoyed two workshops with the playwright, Mr. Peterson, on character development, and using the props and costumes from Stratford.

Before we knew it, performance time had arrived. All three shows went extremely well, thanks to a well-rehearsed cast, a very efficient stage crew led by Mr. Pederson, and a well-trained wig and makeup department, headed by Clare Montcrieff.

ETIENNE BRULÉ is a particularly appropriate play to have performed in this past year, Canada's 125th birthday, because it deals with many of the political problems of our society today that were also evident in Brulé's time. In the play, Champlain talks about finding it hard to understand and put up with the colonists' attitude toward the natives, but ironically, he himself cannot extend his views toward his friend Brulé. Four hundred years later, our society is still dealing with these very same problems, with regards to the relationships between white Canadians and native Canadians, and English-speaking Canada and French-speaking Canada. *ETIENNE BRULÉ* helps us to see that our present political problems have deep roots, and are not going to be solved overnight.

Philip Pace



Philip Pace and Douglas Frawley with the author, Mr. Len Peterson.



Far left: Champlain (Douglas Frawley) shows the burden and loneliness of command.

Left: Brule (Philip Pace) shows the defiance and daring that characterized the historical Brule in this shot.

(Photographs here and on page 68 by Simon Isbister).



The girl actors taking their bow. See report on page 66.

ETIENNE BRÛLÉ

Right: Body language dramatizes the split between Champlain and Brulé.
Bottom right: Champlain is a burdened man.
Below: from top, clockwise: Chris Remerowski, Andre Du Toit, Alex Moniz-Brown, Ian Roberts, Justin Hartwell.



HOUSE DRAMA



In R.S.G.C. much drama is created all year round, from the house drama competition featured here, through class productions and Assembly skits. Here we see (from top, clockwise): Peter Ollen (standing) and Alex Dobson; a confrontational moment between (l to r) Doug Frawley and Alex Fvis; a skit with, from left, Tim Magee, Nick Blanchette, Andreas Merath and Kevin Lint, and Andrew Prior being harangued by Philip Pace.

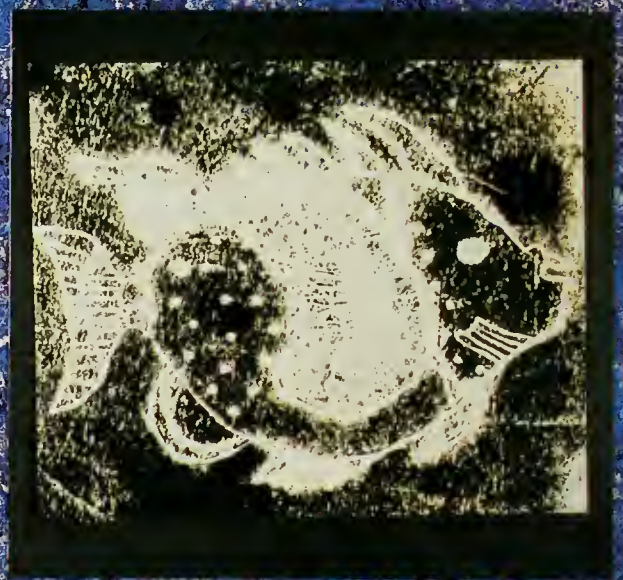


Above: Classical Facade, by
Sandy McNab, Grade 11.
Below: Modern Office
Tower, by Chris Remerowski,
Grade 11.



Above: Landscape, by Andrew Prior, Grade 13.
Below: Dish, by Chris Zarb.





Above left: Toronto Skyline, by Andrew Prior.
 Above: Fish (linoprint) by John Sedgwick, Grade 10.
 Right: Leaning Tower, by Joseph Li, Grade 11.



Above left: Dragon, by Ian Cornell, Grade 10.
Above right: Bird, by David Dewees, Grade 10.
Below: Winged Serpent, by Philippe Maheux, Grade 10.



Above, left: Fish (linoprint) by Andrew Miller, Grade 10.
 Above, right: Pelican, by Taylor Armstrong, Grade 10.
 Right: Bird, by Ashley Perreault, Grade 10.





Two works by David Alexander, grade 12 THE END OF IDLENESS, and THE TEMPTER



Above left: Masks in the making.

Above right: Mask by Douglas Frawley, Grade 12.

Below: Douglas Frawley and Fraser MacFarlane (Grade 12) making a mask.





David Dewees

Self portraits by John Sedgwick, top; David Dewees, right, and Oliver Zecha (Grade 10).





This page shows boxes by Craig Stant Gardner (Grade 12) and dishes by Chris Zarb. The photographic study is by Joseph Li (following page). Abstract Design by Dennis Chiu, Grade 9.





LITERARY ART

Design by Robert Bell, Grade 9

INSTEAD OF EGG-PLANT

Imogen clenched a fistful of Peter's hair. He was shrieking, crouched on the floor with his arms flailing above his head. Shiela Redington ran over distraught and somewhat horrified. Imogen had done this three times in the past week.

"Oh Peter! – Imogen, what have you done?" Her words were somewhat garbled by the spinach in her mouth. "Mummy's making dinner, she doesn't have time for fighting. Now Imogen, apologize, and Peter come to the bathroom, I'll fix you up for when the Rogers come."

"I won't say sorry," sulked Imogen.

Silence. Shiela turned back to her daughter. "Now don't start with that ..."

"I won't say sorry!" The response was more defiant this time.

"Imogen," Shiela began in resignation of her daughter's insolence. "go to your room. Think about what you have done and you can say sorry before the guests arrive ... don't argue, go." She put her arm around Peter, who had calmed down considerably, and took him into the bathroom. "Now let's straighten up your hair," she consoled him. The cool water flowed soothingly over his head as the stairs thumped Imogen's anger. Shiela smiled, looking at her son in the mirror, but Peter's forehead was creased with worry.

"What's wrong Peter?"

"I'm scared ..."

"Why? What are you scared of?"

"I'm scared 'cause Imogen wished for bad luck to follow me."

"Peter, you don't have to worry about that.

How could Imogen make you have good or bad luck?

"She said that bad luck came from the devil, and he was following me around, and every time I do something wrong, he gets one step closer, and when the devil gets me, I might as well be dead, says Imogen." Just then the doorbell rang.

"Eeek! The Rogers are here already!" exclaimed Shiela wiping her hands on her apron as she took it off. "Peter, would you go answer the door for mummy, she has to finish the quiche." Peter scowled at the thought of the spinach tarts, which he knew were to be accompanied by brussel sprouts. He had helped prepare the latter by carving little faces in them and sticking broccoli stems in for the neck and body. Peter pondered the lifestyles and adventures of his vegi-men as he struggled with the front door locks. Upon the release of the last bolt, the door slammed open, crushing Peter slightly between itself and the wall of the narrow passage way. The youngster struggled to maintain consciousness, but Mr. Rogers was greeting him with such a vigorous shaking that his eyes simply rolled back and he fell limply to the floor.

* * *

"... can't go around shaking him like that every time you see him, Arnold." Sue Rogers was one of those women who, after forty some-odd years of marriage, becomes a master of the art of



The story which follows, written by David Dewees, won first place in the Independent Schools' Literary Contest, Senior Division, 1992-3. Dewees is a Grade 10 student.

aggravation. That is not to say she was persistently annoying, but rather that she knew how to irritate, and often used that knowledge to her advantage. She was smiling at Peter now and offered him her most humble apologies for her husband's behaviour.

Mrs. Redington came into the bedroom and sat down on the end of the bed. "Peter, we'll have dinner now, you just come along when you're ready".

He stirred, and said he was all right and that he would start dinner with them.

After grace had been said, Peter found himself staring at a demonic visage that was grinning at him from within the candle flame, and, groping for his spoon in the air, he unthinkingly immersed his hand in the hot leek soup. He yanked it out with a little yelp and slapped it into his serviette, testing the mobility of several significant digits.

Mrs. Rogers passed Peter the smaller of the two hand-carved wooden shakers saying, "Here, let's give you some good luck. Put a little salt in your right hand and throw it over your left shoulder." The boy did so, but, having burned his hand a little, released it too early and so the salt went stubbornly into the elderly lady's hair.

"Oh - Peter!" Shiela exclaimed, but Mrs. Rogers just shrugged, smiling.

Peter went to put the salt shaker back on the table but realized he had been holding it upside down so that all of its contents were now in the soup. He groaned to himself but didn't disturb the others who were basking in light conversation.

* * *

Shiela waved to her husband, Michael, as he went out the door, then shouted at the ceiling, "Come on kids, or you'll be

late for school! Daddy's leaving right away." The two charged down the stairs, the sides of their mouths marked with toothpaste residue.

"Bye, Mommy!" Imogen grabbed the bulging paper bag from her mother's hand as they exchanged kisses. Peter, as usual, was silent and eager, excited by the unpredictable expanse of time that would be "today".

"Peter give me a kiss ... and don't forget your cello lesson after school," were his mother's words, but Peter simply raced out the door, tripping on the threshold, as was his habit.

The car was still not quite warm, and Mr. Redington was scraping ice and snow from the windshields, so Imogen and Peter spent the time checking and rechecking their bags. They stopped every so often to ridicule their father and his early morning antics. Peter realized that he had slammed the car door on his left mitten and coat tail, so he readjusted the door and they went off.

The stop lights were all green, as Imogen pointed out, and Peter said that he thought that if they went much faster the wheels of the car would fly off and they'd all die, but the car would keep right on going. At that Mr. Redington stiffened in his seat somewhat and said, "You're right Peter," which scared Peter very much and he remained quite sober for the rest of the ride.

When they stopped in front of the school Mr. Redington said, "Okay kids ... Hey! You're early. Think you'll still know your way around?" He smiled and roared off slushing the unsuspecting pedestrians who were still not fully awake.

Peter and Imogen stood for a moment on the sidewalk until Peter said, "Imogen, Daddy's right, I don't know what to do since we're early!"

Imogen tilted her head sideways thinking for a moment, then straightened up and

began to run towards the big building yelling, "C'mon Peter, follow me!" She stopped in front of the principal's window and climbed up on the garbage can below it. "Let's make faces at Mr. Griefs!" And with that she smeared her face against the pane, snorting and crossing her eyes. Peter laughed and did the same, but wasn't quite tall enough to do it properly so he just kept his head in one place and stuck out his tongue, inflating and deflating his nostrils.

Mr. Griefs was not an unreasonable man, but he was unconventional. He had ideas about students, involving perfect deportment on their part, and so for years had been frustrated by the fact that they never behaved as he expected them to. Lately, however, he had seen the light and so he was slowly beginning to take the midnight advice of his bottle of gin. He rushed up to the window and began struggling furiously and, much to the amusement of the two children, futilely to get it open. When it became clear to him that the window had very much made up its mind not to open he hollered various obscenities at Imogen and Peter, who now found that the novelty of annoying Mr. Griefs had worn off, and that it was becoming a rather traumatic experience. Imogen jumped down from the garbage can, but Peter stayed, whimpering and waving his arms.

"Hurry Peter, before we get in trouble!"

"Himallanmannnau!lauumuumu!" he sobered.

"Peter I can't understand you when you talk at the window!" Imogen was clenching and unclenching her fists anxiously.

"Mlaummllnulnamallaumalau!"
More sobs.

"Peter!" Imogen was really getting worried, "why don't you come down, and stop crying and mumbling like that!" Suddenly, she realized that his tongue had frozen to the steel window sill. She yanked the garbage can out from under him, and Peter landed flat on his backside, his tongue bleeding, and his face awash in tears. Imogen was frantic, but a little relieved that they might now be able to get away from whomever Mr. Griefs may have sent to capture them. She glanced over her shoulder just in time to see a wild-faced man with matted hair and an old and very dirty suit rise from the stairwell that led down to the janitors' basement entrance. She screamed and grabbed Peter by the arm and ran off terrified. "It's the devil, just like you said," Peter spluttered, but he didn't dare look behind at the hideous figure that was chasing them. They ran all the way to Mr. Barnum's class, their hearts still throbbing in their throats from terror.

Mr. Barnum sent Peter home safely with a handkerchief tied around his tongue in Miss Derksen's Saturn (She and Mr. Barnum were coffee buddies in the staffroom).

Mrs. Redington was waiting when the little red sports car pulled up in front of the house. "Hi, munchkin! You okay?" she ran up to her somewhat bewildered looking son, and then turned to the blonde. "Thank you so much for bringing Peter home. Miss Derksen ... I was really worried when Imogen said she ripped Peter's tongue out on Mr. Grief's window sill."

Astrid Derksen smiled and said, "You're quite welcome Mrs. Redington.

He wasn't the slightest bother, didn't say a thing the whole ride."

"Peter," Mrs. Redington, said, "you go in and rest awhile, then practice your cello. Remember you have a lesson? Don't shake your head at me, you don't need your tongue to play the cello ..." but he was headed inside.

Peter picked up the instrument and, as he began to practice the Popper piece, reflected shortly on the events of the morning and the previous night. He smiled gently at the thought of Mr. Rogers' thorough arrival, and the meal that ensued. He thought about making faces at Mr. Griefs and then when the devil chased them (He hadn't told his mother it was the devil. He just said a crazy man). Peter smiled a little, nasty, crazy sort of grin. He was approaching the end and prepared himself for the brash sonorities of the figure. He lunged the bow into the strings, and stroke after stroke he filled the room with the insane sounds which were native only to insanity itself. And the greasy grey hand that grabbed Peter around the neck, having come from within the cello, secretly enjoyed crushing his spine as it pulled him back through the f-shaped hole and into the instrument.

Shiela rushed into the room, and searched frantically with her eyes. "Peter Peter?" Her gaze fixed on the cello, which was gently rocking on its back on the ground, and it slowed and stopped. Then she glanced at the bow, which lay carelessly on the floor. She asked herself where he had gone, but the question was empty, and it hung stagnantly in the unanswering room.

She left, humming to herself, and took another bite out of the pomegranate in her hand.

David Dewees
Grade 10



RACE DAY

The Caledon Slalom. It's my very favourite race. Every year I make sure I attend, and every year I keep learning.

Five-thirty in the morning. My alarm clock is beeping unrelentingly. I force myself out of bed and shuffle over to the other side of the room to turn it off. Race Day! I shiver, both with the morning drill, and the anticipation of the day to follow. Slipping Neil Young's "Decade" into the tape player, I begin the practiced ritual. I dress, gather the equipment needed, and fetch the skis so carefully prepared the night before. All happens in a sleepy daze. Still half asleep, my actions are based more on ingrained pattern rather than conscious thought.

Switching the music to my walkman, I lift my load and walk upstairs quietly. Turning on as few lights as possible, I take my stuff to the door and then return to the kitchen. Outside, it is still very much dark, the porch lamp shines on the snow, the wind sending waves of light, gliding like shadows past the lamp's glow.

At this point I become fully awake. I'm still quiet, but a crystal like sense of awareness has emerged from the earlier trance-like state. My mind is at its clearest in the kitchen before a race. I eat a muffin, sing along with Neil and enjoy the early morning feeling of being the only one in the white world who's awake. The stillness outside seems cleansing, it washes away all thoughts of school, problems, or anything else. I concentrate on all of this, and the great feeling of participating in the ritual that I know so well.

The trip to the hill passes quickly and without much thought. Neil plays on, but somehow, the same songs no longer speak of quietness and calm, but remind me of the

countless hours spent on the road travelling, feeling warm and secure as the winter blows on, outside the dark car.

Upon arrival, I'm surprised by the daylight. I step out of the car as if exiting a time capsule, hardly believing it's already 8:45 and the day has begun for others, as well as myself. Joining the fray in the lodge, I start to dress in my ski stuff, and end up in the usual joking, bragging and bitching about start numbers. Simon comes over totally ready and complains about my lateness. I point out that he seems to have forgotten his slalom helmet! Bret is starting last again, but he's still bragging about an imminent victory. Brena is quiet, he wants a win today and we all know he could do it. We finish getting ready and he is outside. I'm full of the competitive energy that flows between us.

Before the start, the feeling of competitive bravado has left completely. Walking around amongst the other competitors, I feel stiff. A tight nervousness has settled in my gut and my lower back is tense. My bowels tremble. I ignore it and talk reassuringly to the others around me. Cheering another skier who has just left the start gate. I mentally follow him down the course. It's tough but he'll do well.





My turn finally arrives. The starter calls my number. I adjust my sweater, step up to the wand and try to clear my mind. "Row ready ... Three ... Two ... One ...".

Go! I throw myself out of the start hut and strain for the first gate. Picking up speed, I get into the rhythm. Suddenly all is clear. My mind no longer thinks about anything. All is a blur, and although I know I'm concentrating only on the skiing, it doesn't seem conscious. This is good. When your mind is calm, all things go well, and fast. I realize I'm having a good run.

I look up at a red gate before me. Suddenly the trance is broken. I concentrate as hard as I can on carving around it but nothing works. I slide out, spinning and tumbling past the next few gates. I stand up, full of heated frustration. It's all over. All the work on my skis, waking up at 5:30 in the blasted morning, the long drive, all the apprehension, all wasted. Blast!

Standing there trying to calm myself down, I look back on my day, and realize something. It might have been a waste in terms of achieving a good race result, but on the whole, the day was good. I've participated in the ritual, and benefitted. I can remember the calm feeling of the morning and the intensity of the start. I'm able to pinpoint certain emotions and in doing this, my day is enriched. I've had fun with friends and enjoyed skiing. It doesn't get much more basic than that.

I haven't finished at Caledon for the past four years. I guess that too is all part of the learning process.

Scott McLorie
Grade 13

A FALL TREE

I have learned that beyond the drone of work, stillness is wider reaching; stillness is necessary. For me I take it in nightly doses in the small park just down my street.

That night, alone, I entered the park. Marcie had just told me she didn't have time for my bullshit anymore. As if she was running out of time. Lately I had the feeling I didn't know all of her as I had thought.

The park was like a calm, humble sphere, with the sky a distant blanket enclosing it, strangely apart from the city it rested in. I came to rest on a bench. A leafy rubble lay scattered on the earth. The dying trees pointed with their branches toward the orange of the lights which steadily marked the path through the park.



She appeared in my mind as I had first known her, striding into the kitchen during her party in her green woolly sweater. Tossing back long black curls, she said playfully, "Hi, I'm Marcie. This is my house. I'll give you a quick tour around."

The brief tour ended with the bedroom, shady with an orange lamp painting our shadows across the room. Under her covers it was a warm welcoming world.

But in class recently she had always been late and tired. She had made friends with these Goth types who wore all black and read too much Nietzsche. Whenever I knew I'd be around them, I made a point of wearing bright colours. Maybe it was that. Maybe her love of my confidence was eroding.

Unhurried, I gazed around. I let the wind bite at me. A murmurous conversation sounded from the porch across the street. Another person, my partner in solitude, was seated far and silent on a different bench. The ground moist; my shoes dampening. Cars dragged themselves along the road behind me. Down the path people trotted, silent and sparse. A bike trailed along the road beside me. A little way in front of me lumbered two squat "Jungle Jims". Their regular staff of children was doubtless now lying warm in small beds. Again I looked at the trees above me: the branches twisted in complexity, bare and dignified.

A commotion attracted my gaze. The moment I turned, there was a quick silence. I saw two darkened figures separate.

"Who are you!" It was a woman's voice. She gestured rapidly at the other body.

"Get away from me! Bastard!!"

The other grabbed her arm and tugged. She screamed and flailed it away.

"You bastard! You, you assaulted me!"

Her voice was a panicky screech. The man turned quickly, desperate. The light briefly caught a strong and wrinkled face behind a frayed scarf. The woman swung at his face and kicked him on the side, and in a gruff voice he called out. She screamed again. Her voice lashed out and shattered the park and shredded the calm night.

You assaulted me, you bastard!"

She hurried away from the man, who, noticing a scattered audience, stumbled in the opposite direction. The woman turned again and swore at the man before she marched into obscurity. The man soon rounded a corner and was also lost to me.

Realizing what had happened, uncomfortably returning home, I grew angry at myself. I was powerless. I didn't have the will to try and help, but had sat dazed as the problems and disease of the world took over. I could not shake that anger. Although the incident had passed, its dark traces clung, like a cancer, uncovered yet unavoidable.

Daragh Sankey, Grade 13

THE CANOE

Silently, it drifts
Through the water,
Through the darkness,
And into the night.

The day's winds
Are all but gone.
Only a faint whisper
To give my craft motion

Across the lake,
As if it were a sea,
For hours it drifts,
Carrying me.

For I am asleep,
My head on the gunnel,
My arm in the water,
My mind in the sky.

My paddle at my side,
My only companion.
Rests for the moment,
Waiting.

The bow of my boat
Gently rubbing the shore
Calls out to me
"It is time to wake"

I hear the call,
My conscious mind opens,
I try to stop it-
Too late, I've awoken.

I rub my eyes,
Look around,
Feel for the wind,
Reach for my paddle.

I dip it silently
Into the water.
Up to my hand
I feel the chill.

I swing it around,
Dip it deep.
Pull back smoothly
I'd rather sleep

My arms moan,
My shoulders cry out,
My mind says to me
"I'd rather be dreaming."

Once again I reach the centre
Of my watery domain,
I lay my head down
And start all over again.

- Simon Isbister, Grade 12



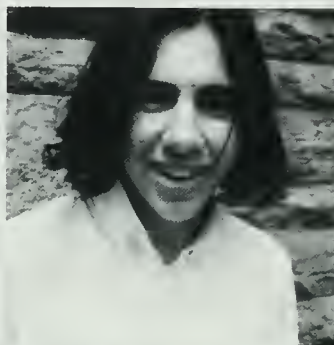
Two in the Morning

At two in the morning all is calm.
Moonlight shines down on the earth
below.
Your breath makes strange patterns in
the air
as you feel dew soak into your skin.

At two in the morning
reminiscing of the night that was.
Will she talk to me tomorrow?
Too many times I have found myself
in this situation.

At two in the morning
the moment has passed
and cabdrivers, the forgiving strangers,
take you home.

Matt Kelly
Grade 10



Two Places

Your soul shines
Like a bright beacon
Shining over a stormy ocean
Clearing the dust of the mind
And showing where we belong
Revealing knowledge of the past
Which we wish to remember
But wish did not exist.

To see we must learn,
Learn to open our eyes
And listen to what we see
Because listening's not enough.
We have to hear.

Andrew Miller
Grade 10



America's Funniest Home Videos

"Hey, look at that kid hanging from
the tree."
"Look at how up he is."
"Hey, he smells something."
"It's smoke. The tree is on fire."
"Wow, he must've fallen twenty feet."
"Ouch, that had to hurt."
"Ha, ha. That was funny."

Tufan Ugur
Grade 10

A Lonely Struggle

It rose
slowly, silently
pushing up
against the oppressive weight
threatening to choke it
killing it like the others
and suddenly
it was over.
As it pierced through
it was greeted by glorious light.

Philippe Maheux
Grade 10



Computers

Blurps and beeps.
Groans and grates.
I decide to take a peep,
but fear makes me hesitate.

Does it like me?
I do not know.
Does it hate me?
I wish it would show.

I wish they had never been invented.
If I met their maker,
I would make him repent it.
I do hate these computers.

Malcolm Wilkinson
Grade 10



Social Outcast

Pathetic, weird, crazy. People look at us like our poverty is a terminal disease.

Standing at a corner, begging for money, only receiving raised noses and cruel jokes.

Abused as a child, dropped out of school, nowhere to go, I was destined to end up on the streets.

A life of crime was the only alternative, one more arrest, one more drug needle, one more death.

Spat on, sat on, pissed on, no fixed address, can't receive welfare, can't get high, can't get by.

Edward Ayoub
Grade 10

THE GAME

Tip off.

Muscles taut, breath suspended.

The fans are waiting, the tension - mounting.

Lunging, missing, slipping, sliding, crashing, rising.

Jostling, pushing, grabbing, shoving, elbowing, tripping, dropping.

Struggling, desperate. Thrusting, missing. Shouting, jeers. Trying, frustration.

Humiliation, embarrassment, reprimand, discouragement, degradation, shame ... of losing.

Halftime. Rest, refuel, replenish, re-energize, recover, rebound ... we can!

Stealing, shooting, spinning, penetrating, passing, blocking, dunking.

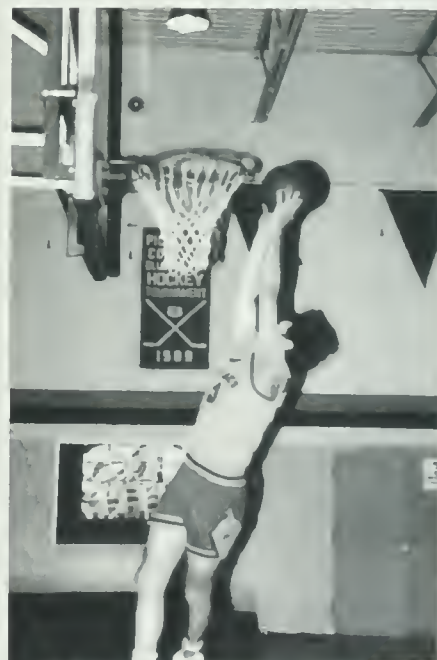
Soaring, scoring, gliding, leaping, flying, slamming.

Slam Dunk! Applause. Shot, swish, score. Roar!

Success, triumph, victory. Ecstasy.

Final buzzer.

Philippe Bedard
Grade 10



THE FALL OF CANADA

During the late twentieth and early twenty-first century the world was embroiled in turmoil. Plagues crossed over the world killing thousands. When the ozone layer disappeared, many of the world's nuclear reactor tanks were destroyed. Genetic mutations increased phenomenally, animals grew smarter, while humans sank deeper and deeper into the cesspool of their own global destruction.

The penguin walked slowly across the cold bleakness of the North Pole. He was an old penguin: for many years he had made this trek without incident, but today was different. True, he was the leader of his pack but that made no difference now.

He suddenly heard a rumbling in the distance like some mammoth lightning bolt slicing through the sky. Looking up he saw the cylindrical object racing towards him. "This is it," came to the penguin's mind as his life raced before his eyes. Strangely enough though, fear did not enter the bird's head, only the thought that it was such a shame he had to die in the prime of life.

The missile had been fired accidentally by the Canadian government but that made no difference now as it sped towards the awaiting penguin. An air of doom hung about the Pole as the ten ton nuclear warhead fell closer and closer to the ground.

The last thought of the penguin as the missile hit the ground with a loud "THUMPP!!" was "Those damn humans! This means war!" and then he was incinerated.

The Canadian Government had problems. With the entire fall of the economy, the fires, the riots, the attempted coup and now this incident with the North Pole, the government had its hands full apologizing to the United Nations and just trying to keep the public in order. Prime Minister Svend Robinson Jr. had his hand on things though. He knew how to handle those idiots at the UN; and controlling the public was so simple it was a joke. Except for those damned mutants, he was in total control, or so he thought.

In the North Pole all was being prepared. The plan was simple, gather together all eligible forces and kill those humans. This was the straw that finally broke the camel's back. Did those ignorant humans really think something like this would go unnoticed? The polar animals had had just about enough.

Even now, the polar bears taught their cubs the easiest way to kill a human. Aim for the jugular and in one fell swoop you could rip their head off. These elite few were to be the privates in this vendetta against humanity.

Strategist penguins mapped out their attack route on the skin of the body of a killer whale lying coldly under the Arctic Circle's waters, not a hundred metres away. Penguins, being the brightest of all arctic creatures, knew that they had the means and the know-how to win this war. All that was needed now was time to prepare for battle.

Prime Minister Robinson was down in the popularity polls, not that it mattered now, what with Canada becoming a dictatorship. Even still, the Prime Minister knew how to run the country well (in his opinion). Looking back on the last three months the

Prime Minister sighed. After all those debates and arguments he'd had with the UN, he hadn't gotten in a good game of racket ball in days. The door opened with great vigour.

"Sir, I think we've got a problem." The Prime Minister's personal aide Simmons spoke as he walked determinedly towards PM Robinson's desk.

"Oooowwh! What is it this time?" the Prime Minister asked, annoyed.

"For the past two hours we've been getting literally hundreds of reports, about animals attacking City Hall."

"Which City Hall?" asked the PM, not really understanding what Simmons was saying.

"All of them. Everywhere. Sir, it seems that every City Hall in the country is being attacked by polar bears, caribou, and penguins."

"What! What are you talking about Simmons! Are you trying to tell me we're being invaded by animals!"

"That's exactly what I'm saying sir."

"Simmons, call a defense meeting on the double, you can brief me on the way there."

"Yes sir."

The attack was going well. Almost all of the cities were under polar rule. Already Yellowknife, Edmonton and Saskatoon were in their control. The penguin in charge of the takeover in Edmonton was already deploying polar bears to hunt the streets, killing anyone they saw, and not forgetting to look in the houses to find those who would rather hide.

The polar bears liked this. Fresh meat was bountiful and the pathetic humans

thought they could fight back. The very first human to fight back was a Mrs. Potter, living in the national capital, Vancouver (Ottawa had been obliterated during the attempted coup). Mrs. Potter found out the hard way that it was not a good idea to hit a polar bear on the nose with a meat mallet; and as her blood dripped slowly away with every gnaw the polar bear took at her stomach, she thought how her life had finally seen some action and excitement.

The months passed slowly but surely as more and more of the country came to be under polar rule. Soon, every major urban centre was filled with hideous arctic animals. The Prime Minister told the remaining few humans waiting for death that all was under control. He was lying just as poorly as when he took the job of PM.

The Prime Minister had taken leave of Canada within a week of the takeover. He was now hovering in his gigantic 'Sky Station Alpha' somewhere near the Canadian border.

The takeover was a success. The remaining humans were even now being rooted up and executed. The entire population agreed that now those puny humans were out of the way they would finally be safe from their stupidity.

The only thing left to do was get rid of that airship the PM was hiding in. The problem was very difficult. The PM must be killed or all could be lost.

Finally, the greatest penguin minds in the country came to a conclusion. The idea was brilliant, nothing could go wrong.

The one thousand specially trained

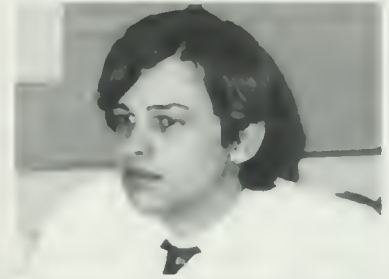
kamikaze snow owls prepared for flight. They were making history. Soon, they were off and flying towards the PM's Sky Station. He would definitely not be expecting this.

As the snow owls neared the Station the operators saw them and called to put the Station down where they could make a good fight.

The PM was woken up and sent to the view terminals to see what was going to happen. The order was sent to fire guns into the oncoming birds while they put down. The guns were soon blazing, and the shots killed many of the oncoming owls, but they were prepared for this. The owls retaliated by pressing on even more strongly; they were coming in droves. The final remains of the government didn't stand a chance.

The birds came closer. Soon they were on top of the Station. The gunners could do no more. Now the only hope was to reach the ground before the birds did any damage. The birds flew directly to the projected target, the vertical hold engines. Bird flesh and bones flew everywhere as they flew straight into them.

The birds by now were quickly diminishing in number. "Ripppp!!" the flesh torn off bird after bird. They barely seemed to notice that they were laying down their life for the sake of killing one man. Soon enough the second right engine became clogged. Still the birds came on and eventually, one by one the eight huge engines stopped dead. Then the gigantic Sky Station Alpha fell to the ground. Four hundred metres, three hundred metres, two hundred, one hundred, fifty metres, and then the mighty airship hit the ground and exploded in a giant ball of fire. As the airship hit the ground, the PM only just realizing he was going to die, did the



only thing left he hadn't done to stop the polar animals. He apologized. Muttering under his breath, the Prime Minister of a once great nation fell down to the creatures from humanity's humble beginnings. The course of evolution may have severely separated man from other animals, but the essence of life still remains; a single living cell. "I'm sorry," thought the Prime Minister. Then he was blown into so many tiny pieces you couldn't put him together if you had an instruction manual.

Revenge is a fickle thing. Sometimes it works, other times it doesn't. One thing is for sure though, you always get people's attention. Humans had become too cocky, and this time they learned their lesson. Canada, and for that matter the entire world, would never be the same again.

Nowadays, Canada is mostly left alone. The rest of the world doesn't seem to care that the largest country in the world is now owned and run by animals. No, pretty much now we just let Canada be, but even still since that time I think we've all been a little bit nicer to the animals of the wild, and I think they enjoy that.

Geoff Chapman
Grade 9

THE OTHER SIDE

It was a cold and rainy night. The wind was howling through the windows of the old haunted building that was standing in front of the two boys.

"All right now," Steven said, "when we get into the house we'll split up and start looking for the gold." Suddenly, they heard a sound like a person screaming.

"What the hell was that?" Charlie asked.

"I don't know but we better be careful from here on in," replied Steven now in a scared voice. They walked cautiously to the front door of the house. As they opened the door, the door squeaked loudly, the two boys then peered into the house. Inside the house, they saw furniture that had been untouched for years. This did not surprise them as much as what they saw on the floor. They were shocked. On the floor lay a dead body. The body was decayed and smelled like an old cracked opened egg that had been sitting on an old sock for thousands of years. Even though it looked hardly recognizable there was something familiar about it.

"Oh my God!" Steven said now in a scared voice, "Charlie, that's ... that's you!" After a few minutes of shock, Steven shifted his vision to Charlie. Charlie looked pale. Steven saw him swallow some saliva and he knew his friend was trying hard not to think about what he had just seen.

"O.K." Charlie said almost in a whisper, "let's find that box!" Then, they finally snapped out of their gaze at the body. Again, they peered around the room. The two boys saw a flight of stairs leading up to the second floor of the house. There was a door on the right side of the room. Steven thought that this door led to a kitchen. Near the stairs lay a white medical box on the floor.

"That's it!" screamed Steven, now half excited.

"Let's open it outside. This place gives me the creeps!" cried Charlie. Both boys then carried the box outside.

"Holy cow, this box is so light!" Steven said curiously. When they brought the box outside the two boys opened it. Suddenly there was a gush of wind and Steven was alone. Charlie could not be seen from Steven's eyes. Even the scenery was different. The haunted house was not there. In its place stood a small run-down store.

"Steven!" cried a voice weakly. The voice was coming from behind him. Steven turned around and saw nothing at all but he knew the voice was Charlie's.

"Charlie, where are you!" Steven shouted out loud into the darkness behind him. He then waited for something to come running at him but nothing happened. The voice did not come back. Steven then turned and started in the direction of the run-down store. As he approached the door of the store, something weird happened. His hand went right through the door knob. He tried to open the door again by using the door knob again but the same thing happened. Steven was confused. After awhile someone opened the door, and then Steven went through it quickly. The store was just like a small convenience store. There were aisles and on them lay food, candy and all sorts of interesting things. He looked at the cashier just around the corner. There was something different about him but Steven could not tell what it was. The cashier then turned to face him. Steven opened his mouth with fright and with awe. The cashier was a skeleton. He was staring into the eyes of a skeleton.

"So, you're here in this world here too, right?" said a voice from the skeleton. "Don't you want to get back to the normal world? You see I was not always like this. My friend and I came across a house that looked haunted. We both walked into the house and saw a dead body of me. For some odd reason the body looked very old and decayed. At the far end of the room, we saw a little white box. My friend and I took the box outside and we opened it. Then I was here. I was here for at least two days and look at me now. My friend got back safely from this world by gulping down a potion. I

could not find the potion but my friend did. He gulped the potion down and he was back to the normal world. Later on in this place, I found that exact same potion that my friend drank. I couldn't drink it because if I did I would be trapped in between worlds. You will only be trapped in between worlds if you stay here too long. For me, it is now too late. In a few more hours my body or what is left of me will dissolve right here in this store and my remains will only be ashes and a skull. Now, let me guess, you want to know where you are, right? Well, you're in another world, pal. You see, there is a line that is between this world and the normal. To get back to your world drink this potion." He brought out a potion from under his table. "I only have one bottle left so that means only you will be able to get back to the normal world. If you have a friend here, he must stay here and die like the rest of us. His body will appear in the normal world but decayed. That will happen to him here in a couple of days. As I say, drink this potion now."

Steven then took the potion from the skeleton and gulped it down in one gulp. He then heard a voice coming from nowhere. "Steven! It's Charlie," the voice was repeated over and over again. Suddenly he was back into his own world. He was in the house. For some odd reason he did not notice the picture on the wall when he first came into the house. The picture looked like it was moving. His mouth opened in fright while he was looking at the picture. It was a picture of Charlie banging on the frame of the picture, except that it looked like Charlie was aging very rapidly. The funny thing was that Charlie was trapped inside the picture. He seemed to be saying something but Steven did not hear what he was saying. His vision then shifted to the floor where Charlie's body lay. This time the body looked more decayed than before and also the face looked a lot older.

Brian Pho
Grade 9

REMEMBRANCE



Michael Popielaty

We all remember things from our past. Bad things, good things, and sometimes silly and very small details, from our life..

I remember my first big Christmas presents - an electric train and my first pair of skates. I remember my first trip with my dad to the skating arena and how many times I fell. When I think back, I remember very well Junior Kindergarten at Bishop Strachan School, playing in the sandbox, my teachers, class pets and very good cookies we had everyday for snacks. I also remember the Hallowe'ens and the silly costumes I wore when trick-or-treating; my first bike, my dad trying to teach me to ride it and our trips through the park. I remember my first day at St. George's College when I felt shy and strange.

I could go on and on, writing about the good and pleasant things I remember, but there were also sad memories, when my grandfather died, and when my mom was in the hospital. And when I was very upset because my computer ate up a design that I had worked very long and hard on.

Older people like my grandparents remember more, and it looks like they remember more sad and bad things. My grandmother told me many times about World War II in Europe, how terrible it was, how innocent people were killed and all cities destroyed. She told me how she had to escape from her city and how hungry and scared she was. Her memories were not very happy and she was trying to tell me how senseless and evil the war was.

All people know how bad wars are and that is why we have Remembrance Day, when we try to think about all the soldiers who died in the wars that have been fought.

I remember when I was in grade one and the teacher taught us the famous poem "In Flanders Fields" by John McCrae, I had to learn part of it:

WE ARE THE DEAD.
SHORT DAYS AGO
WE LIVED, FELT
DAWN,
SAW SUNSET GLOW,
LOVED, AND WERE
LOVED.
AND NOW WE LIE
IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

It is really a beautiful poem, and it tells us to remember those who fought for our freedom and died long time ago. On Remembrance day we should say a prayer for them and hope we will never have another war.

Michael Popielaty
Grade 7

Brian Pho



VALEDICTORY SPEECH

This speech was given by Dan Tecimer, Head Prefect, at Prize Day, June 17, 1993.

Thank you Mr. Chairman, Mr. Latimer, members of the board, staff, students and parents.

After the prefect selections last year, Mr. Latimer summoned me to his office. What could have he wanted? I kept on asking myself. Did he find out about the infamous Ju-jub theft? No, he couldn't have. I was positive that we covered our tracks. That couldn't be it. On my way to his office I realized that I couldn't have been in too much trouble, because Mr. Nakatsu just passed me in the hall and he didn't lay a finger on me. (Unfortunately, Dave Linberg wasn't as lucky.)

In his office, Mr. Latimer was in his usual form, playing with his toy Slinky. He asked me to sit down and came straight out with it. He said, "Dan you have been chosen as next year's head prefect. Are you willing to accept the position?" Naturally I accepted. There was fame, power, unlimited pizza lunches at See House to consider. In fact the question seemed so odd that I wondered why he asked it. I didn't recall hearing Matthew Teichmann, the previous head prefect, having to do anything like this. My curiosity was soon answered when Mr. Latimer said bluntly, "What about the speech, Dan?" What about the speech? Now his questioning began to make sense. Knowing the fact that I was such an "avid" public speaker, Mr. Latimer was naturally worried whether I could handle the pressure. (And considering that I've just ended up killing a minute and a half talking about nothing really just proves the fact that

I have come a long way.)

The events of this year made it also easier to write this speech. The first thing that I naturally remember is the grade 13 trip to Kilcoo during the first month of school. It's an opportunity when all the grads have more time among ourselves to get to know each other better. There were a whole bunch of camp games which we played and developed into house competitions.

One competition that I wasn't very keen on partaking in was the early morning swim. Mr. Latimer thought of this hilarious idea that we could have a house competition to see how many people would dive into the lake right after the morning bell. He said that for each guy that submerged himself in the water, his house would be rewarded with a house point. As he was telling me this great plan, I had two words circling around in my head. One was "September" and the other was "lake".

Naturally I accepted. There was fame, power, unlimited pizza lunches at See House to consider and my answer was, "No

way". I had to find a way out. By quickly doing some historical research, I found out that the head prefect was supposed to be completely unbiased. I decided that it just "wouldn't be fair" for me to be involved. The sports prefects did some research of



their own and quickly caught on to this technique.

Right after Kilcoo, we had our first dance. Tradition states that St. George's hosts the first dance of the year of all the private schools. Unfortunately, Cres ... I mean, a rival school, put up a challenge this year. They insisted on having their dance on the same night. We accepted the challenge. We increased ticket sales by telling the girls that there would be plenty of hot guys there. Luckily, they hadn't seen our new crop of grade nines yet. Despite the grade nines, our dance was a hit. In fact, everyone had such a good time, they decided to show their appreciation by removing the radiator from the wall. To sum it up, we easily defeated that school at Bayview and Lawrence.

Our school also flourished in the arts. This year, instead of doing just one major production, the school did two. The first was our theatre production of Etienne Brulé. Just like all our past productions, this one was a success. The second project was the joint Junior and Senior School production, the film "Shield of Dreams". This film was written by Mr. Orlando's grade 12 film class, acted by students in the Junior school, and produced by Mr. Lee. This project involved most of the school's dramatic talent, staff included. In case you're wondering, that's why I wasn't involved. Despite being deprived of my dramatic genius, both projects were a huge success.

For me, one of the more humbling incidents of the year occurred just a few months ago, when the grade sevens visited BSS to pay a social call. The prefects took the, shall we say, eager lads, to Winston Churchill Park. There the guys played a game of capture the flag with the lovely ladies of

BSS. After that, we went to their school for a barbeque. Following that, we were supposed to leave, but the guys just weren't ready. They refused to leave until they had collected sufficient phone numbers. It was definitely a learning experience, not only for the grade sevens, but also for the prefects. Using the techniques they taught us, I'm proud to say, we all now have dates for the formal tomorrow.

One thing that our school was never noted for was our sports teams. People always used to make fun of our lack of facilities. Let's face it, when I came here in grade nine, I made fun of them also. However, this year our teams shone. We won many ISAA championships, and most teams had a respectable record. No longer do people make fun of our lack of fields, hockey rinks, tennis courts, squash courts, batting cages, ... well, you get the point. Now they tremble when they hear our name. Some say that this could be the beginning of a sports dynasty. We have plenty of young athletes that can fill the gap which will be created when I leave.

Of course, one cannot talk about sports without mentioning the athletic banquet, which was once again held at Hart House this year. The athletic banquet, or as some call it, the Julian Thornbury show, is known as a lengthy event. This year, we had the good fortune too have the banquet on the same night as an important hockey game. Realizing this, the organizers tried to make the evening go as quickly as possible. Just as we thought we were home free, Mr. Evans grabbed hold of the mike. I had to wait until the next day to read about the game in the paper.

The other big evening of the year was, of course, Mayfest. Thanks to this event we managed to raise over one hundred thousand dollars to go towards the development of the school. That night the gym was magically

transformed into a beautiful dining hall. I didn't realize just how much work had been put into decorating the gym until I was forced to clean up afterwards. I don't think anyone will feel that I am exaggerating when I say that Mayfest was the year's most successful and enjoyable event.

My two main purposes in giving this speech are to remember the past

I'd like to thank the school for all the good times and memories it has given us.

year, and to say good-bye on behalf of the grads. Some of the grads have been at St. George's since grade four,

and some just joined us this year. But I know, that no matter how long our duration, we are all sad to leave. To thank the school, the graduating class has decided to give the school a gift. We had trouble deciding what to donate, so we asked the teachers for a suggestion. Mr. Pengelly felt our leaving was the best gift we could ever give. But we felt we had to give something. So myself and my team of advisors decided to develop a strategy to end the ongoing negotiations between the diocese and the school regarding its future location. Unfortunately, Mr. Milton Hess and the Board beat us to it. So we decided on adding a new exercise machine to the recently furnished and upgraded weight room. I'm sure it will be put to good use.

To conclude, I'd like to thank the school for all the good times and memories it has given to us. Although we are graduating today, we will never actually leave. We will always be part of the school, just as the school will always be part of us.

S

SPORTS



S

OCCER



Senior Soccer

Back row: Julian Thornbury, Scott McLone, James Berry, Brian Bobechko, Kevin Lint, Mark Turvey, David Gibbs, Nick Blanchette, Dan Simoncic.

Front row: Dan Tecimer, Michael Bardyn, Mark Andersen, Scott Yelle, Huey Lee, Tim Sjogren, Bruce Jardine, Mr. Evans

The senior boys' soccer team managed a respectable (0-6-1) win/loss record against stiff competition in I.S.A.A. 1st Division play.

Our team participated in the Canadian Association of Independent School Soccer Tournament in Halifax. The boys impressed their opposition with a tight marking style of defence. Despite a number of key injuries our side completed the tournament with a (1-1-4) win/loss record. Two of our four ties were decided on penalty shots; unfortunately we were on the losing end of both decisions.

Key performances from Dan Simoncic, Mark Turvey, Dan Tecimer, Julian Thornbury and Tim Sjogren were apparent throughout the season.

- Mr. Evans





Under 16 Soccer

Back row: Jason Pantalone, Feizal Satchu, David Vaillancourt, Peter Labancz, Geoff Mariani, Jason Taylor.
Front row: Nick Boyce, Andrew Blanchette, Andrew Sjogren, Greg Barnett, Noah Waisberg, Naohide Nasu, Mr. Orlando.



Under the leadership of coach Mr. Orlando and team captain Andrew Blanchette, the Under 16 Soccer team enjoyed yet another excellent year. Who were some of these exceptional soccer studs, you might ask? Nick Boyce, Feizal Satchu, David Vaillancourt and Philippe Bedard all merit recognition.



The Under 14 Soccer team bowed out in the Consolation Final of the Championship tournament after going undefeated during regular season play.

Captains Tim Boyce and Alastair Kellett led the team both on and off the field. Michael Kelly, Greg Rosocha and goaltender Hatem Jabsheh turned in outstanding performances each and every game. Newcomers Glenn "Thunder foot" Lou-Hing and Justin "Kamikaze" Kutzko made their presence felt on the field. Peter Wharton led the offensive attack scoring 75% of the team's goals. All the team members represented R.S.G.C. and themselves well. Rookie Coach Mr. Lee would like to commend the entire team for their outstanding sportsmanship and thank all the parents for their tremendous support.



Under 14 Soccer
Back row: Mr. Lee, Peter Wharton, Geoff Norton, Jamie Lant, Justin Kutzko, Michael Kelly, Netan Choudhry.
Front row: Paul Saumets, Phillip Blanchette, Tim Boyce, Hatem Jabsheh, Alastair Kellett, Glenn Lou-Hing, Greg Rosocha.



UNDER 13 SOCCER



Under 13 Soccer

Back row: Mr. Ackley, Chris Ford, Tim Nagel, Elliot Hughes, Michael Adams, Tim Phillips, Mark Otema.

Front row: Adam Green, Joshua Estacion, Daniel Thomson, Daniel MacDonald, Rob Clark, Chasen Paul, Robert Sternberg, Adrian Kelly, Marcel Merath.

UNDER 12 SOCCER



Under 12 Soccer

Back row: Mr. O'Leary, David Wong, Graham McLorie, Sean Phillips, Jamie McIntosh, Michael Fodor, Kerry Huntley.

Front row: Andrew O'Born, Evan Koebel, Fraser Buchan, Andrew Jones, Tarek Awad, David Baker, Richard Chin.

V

OLLEYBALL



Senior Volleyball

Back row: Chris Shannon, Ernest Chan, Andreas Merath, Fraser MacFarlane, Roger Park, Jade Leung, Jordy Bunting.

Front row: Andrew Prior, Kevin Thomson, Jamie Press, Mr. Nakatsu.



It is dusk outside yet inside is light,
As the six fearless warriors prepare for their
fight.
The onlookers sense this game must end now!
As a lone bead of sweat falls down a single
wet brow.
Jade looks at Roger, Kevin at me;
Jamie at Frazer for concentration is key.
While Jordy interviews them with his
makeshift microphone.
A cry from the sides, "Stand back, stand
back!"
As the players glance over to their fearless
leader "Nak"
The ball floats free and meets Roger's hands
Jamie then sets, and silence engulfs the
stands.
Jade's quick arm like a shining steel gun
Pounds the ball down and the game is then
won.
That vision for Nak will one day be no dream,
For it was he alone that made this great team.
These boys, these men, who not always get
along,
When put in position become fierce, became
strong.
This group, this pack of all different sorts
Would join and be one on the volleyball
court.
Now just a memory I keep in my mind,
But memories, great memories I'll keep
For all time.

-Andrew Prior (Capt.)



Under 16 Volleyball

Back row: Matthew Kelly, Tim Pacaud, Shane Duff, Hal Bosher, Chris George, Andrew von Teichman, Jamie Frawley.

Front row: Daniel McNamara, Malcolm Wilkinson, Dave Holowynch, Matt Rubbinoff, Adrian Press, Mr. Cooper.

The Under 16 Volleyball team had a good year. Special thanks goes to Chris George, Shane Duff, Jamie Frawley, Adrian Press, Matt Kelly and Andrew von Teichman, who were the team's best players. Thank you Mr. Cooper for a beautiful season!

T. Milrose



As has been the situation for the last few years, the under 14 volleyball team has had difficult attracting 12 players for a full team. In spite of a particularly impassioned plea by Mr. Schreiner at the first lower school assembly, only one contender, Bret Grantham signed on. Back again for their second magnificent year were "Mega" Graham Wright (The Team captain), Rob "Boomer" Burkett, Scot "Cross Court" McMaster, Mike "The Twin" Manning, Andrew "Sidelined" Bryant, "Dak" de Kerckhove, Kevin "The Other Twin" Barnett. As well, we appropriated two talented free agents - Fraser "No Show" Adams and Josh "Introverted" McKillop. Both proved to be key team players this season. Our team mascot took the form of Saul Davis.

The team never performed better than at the final ISAA tournament. We played a conservative, defensive game. Serving was consistent, effective and deadly. The team was pumped up and confident for our final championship match against Crescent. Congratulations on a fine season and the ISAA championship.

Under 14 Volleyball

Back row: Mr. Schreiner, Michael Manning, Fraser Adams, Joshua McKillop, Brett Grantham.

Front row: Scott McMaster, Derrick de Kerckhove, Graham Wright, Rob Burkett, Kevan Barnett.



X-

COUNTRY



Senior X-Country

Jim Bunting, Matt Chubb, Taylor Armstrong, Drew Gulyas, David Dewees, Mr. Siewert.



HOCKEY



Junior Cross-Country

Back row: Mr. Leatch, Quincy Lui, Matthew Boland, Mark Han, Jake McCombs, Tim Pyper.
 Middle row: Lindsay Templeton, Charles Arnett, Duncan Gibson, Albert Ho, Tim Franklin, David Forrest.
 Front row: Sandy Gibson, Adam Donald, Trevor Thompson, Ivan Tsang, Cameron Fiske, Ivan Chin, Daniel Medd.

The Junior Cross-Country team had a fairly good year. Thanks go out to Trevor Thompson, David Forrest, Tim Franklin and Tim Pyper. All of the team agrees that the most interesting meet of all was the one concerning a certain Ivan Chin. Now it seems that Mr. Chin ran a race holding his lunch bucket. In reply to my inquiries he said, "Mr. Leatch told me to look after my gear so I took the only available course open to me at the time!" See you next year, guys!

- T. Milrose



EY



Senior Hockey

Back row: Andrew Seace, Andrew Ferns, Peter McCague, Chris George, Mark Turvey, John Miller, Jade Leung, Roger Park.

Middle row: Mr. Ackley, Naohide Nasu, Matt Madigan, Ernest Chan, Scott Yelle, Mark Andersen, Sandy Cameron

Front row: Peter Andrikopoulos, David Lindberg.





Under 16 Hockey

Back row: Chris Palalas, Andrew Miller, John Sedgwick, Jamie Frawley, Tim Pacaud, Jason Taylor, Mr. Keenan.
Front row: Malcolm Wilkinson, Dan Sternberg, Andrew Blanchette, Drew Pearson, Matt Kenney, Ravi Jagasia.



Under 14 Hockey

Rear: Peter Wharton, Glenn Lou-Hing, Tim Boyce, Geoffrey Norton, Thomas D'Arcy, Robert Sternberg, Charles Arnett, Andrew Beadon, Joshua McKillop, Brett Grantham. Front: Fraser Adams, Peter Koven, Adrian Ho, Alex Palalas, Daniel Thomson, Michael Manning, Christian Friis, James Sedgwick, Ryan Mulvihill. Kneeling: Father Hill, Mr. Love.





Under 12 Hockey

Rear: Mr. O'Leary, Ryan Thompson, Michael Stratton, Paul O'Regan, Chris Ford, Kerry Huntley

Front: Liam Somerville, Tyler Lalonde, Barrett Holman, Edward Rawlinson, James Obagi, Lindsay Templeton, Joel Wolinsky.



B

ASKETBALL



Senior Basketball

Back row: Sandy McNab, Fraser MacFarlane, Mairaj Ahmed, Jamie Press, Andreas Merath.
Front row: Matt Chubb, Nick Blanchette, Kevin Lint, James Berry, Julian Thornbury, Mr. Van Herk.



Once again, the Senior Basketball team had an excellent year, finishing with an impressive 7-3 record. The team actually made it to the I.S.A.A. championship final, but sadly lost to U.C.C. by 8 points. Season highlights, you ask? How about that exciting 58-25 victory over S.A.C. to reach the I.S.A.A. play-offs or the 46-41 comeback victory against Appleby in the Selwyn House tournament? Special thanks to team captains Kevin Lint, Fraser MacFarlane, and James Berry. Thanks also to Feizal Satchu (team manager) for all of his help.

T. Milrose





Under 16 Basketball

Back row: Adrian Press, Philippe Bedard, Andrew Austin, Shane Duff, David Vaillancourt, Hal Boshier
Front row: Marcus Ho, Taylor Armstrong, Geoff Mariani, Drew Gulyas, Matt Morden, Mr. Nakatsu.

A single point ... this year it was the difference between winning and losing the ISAA championship for the U16 Basketball team. Oh, how close we came to giving Mr. Nakatsu his first ISAA championship in ... well, let's just say a long time.

For our final tournament, we travelled to Ridley College in St. Catherine's. In our first game against the home team, we battled the deafening crowd noise and just barely pulled out a victory 62-55. That win qualified us for the semifinals where we were matched against the powerful Saints from St. Andrew's College. With a tremendous team effort and some tenacious defence we defeated SAC by 3 points. That victory put us in the final against Hillfield, a team we had yet to face during the regular season. Unfortunately, we fell just short, despite a magnificent last-minute comeback, losing 42-41.

Thanks to our coach, Mr. Nakatsu, for a great season of basketball, and thanks to those 11 players who persevered through the entire season.





Under 14 Basketball

Back row: Scott McMaster, Rob Burkett, Richard Wong, Jamie Lint, Elliot Hughes, Rob Watt.
Front row: David Forrest, Philip Blanchette, Derrick de Kerckhove, Graham Wright, Mark Han, Michael Kelly.



The Under 14 Basketball team had a very good year. With 18 wins and only 3 losses, first place was assured!! Although there were a lot of memorable moments, the most memorable was beating the formidable Crescent team not once, but twice!! Yes, you heard me right, not once but twice!! Everyone really enjoyed the trip to Ottawa. Special thanks to team captains Graham Wright and Derrick de Kerckhove. See you next year, you guys!!!

T. Milrose





Under 13 Basketball

Back row, Mr. Evans, David Wong, Tim Phillips, Mark Otema, Justin Estacion, Dougal Bruce, Adrian Kelly, Daniel MacDonald, Damian Abraham.

Front row: David Baker, Marcel Merath, Joshua Estacion, Alex Luce-Cushman, Graham McLorie, David Hwang, Tim Nagel, Michael Adams.



The Under 13 Basketball team had an excellent year, finishing with a 20-9 record. The whole team felt that the results worth mentioning were: Sterling Hall School champs and a close loss to U.C.C. in the I.S.A.A. semifinal. Another highlight was the trip to Vancouver for the St. George's Dragon Classic Basketball tournament. Thanks to team captains Michael Adams and Marcel Merath. See you next year, dudes!

T. Milrose



S

KI



Back row: Mr. Kerr, John Pennal, Stephen Brooks, Andrew von Teichman, Trevor Allen, Jordan Bunting, Colin Watson, Pat Ronaldson, Alex Evis, Chris Shannon, David Alexander.
Front row: Aaron Thompson, Andrew Holownych, Matt Kelly, Austin Carter, Andrew Sjogren, Daniel Mudd, Glen Lou-Hing, Justin Hartwell, Simon Foster, Tim Sjogren, Tom Keefe, Scott McLorie, John Damanis, Jim Bunting.

The RSGC ski team of January 1993 is a legendary one to say the least. Not, I hasten to add, because of a faultless season of races, although in our first three we did achieve first and second places (round of applause please!!), merely because of the pure style in which we take on the other private schools on the slopes of Mt. St. Louis or Collingwood on Wednesday afternoons. We do not stop skiing for rain, storms or seriously sub zero temperatures. We do not stop when we get frostbite on our ears; Aaron Thompson does not stop when to continue means going downhill on one ski, and Patrick Ronaldson does not even stop with two broken wrists. What more can I say? Do the results even matter?

Unfortunately, yes. It is my duty to report the not so good as well as the amazing results (you might like to look back and re-acknowledge that we came in either first or second place in our first three races ... thank you, thank you, all praise is gratefully accepted!) Well, in our final race all the teams were, sadly, placed in third position. Are we discouraged? Not at all, only suffering from mildly deflated egos, which I'm sure we can reinflate to their normal level during next year's season.

We would like to thank Scott McLorie for giving Mr. Kerr a pair of his old skis, and of course, Mr. Kerr himself for his time, effort and patience. Here's hoping that next year we have a trophy for the shelf, right?

CRAZY AUSTIN



B

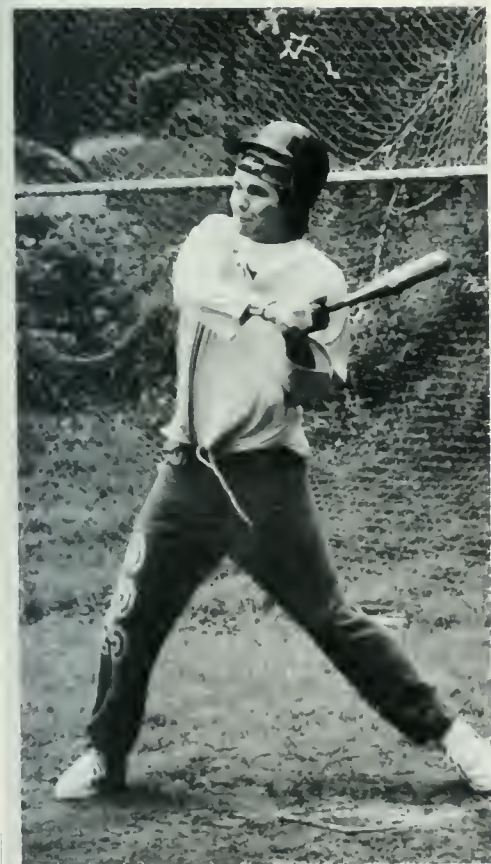
ASEBALL



Senior Baseball

Back row: Mark Turvey, Sandy Cameron, Kevin Lint, David Gibbs, James Berry, Chris Shannon

Front row: Mr. Kerr, Matt Madigan, Philip Hardie, Scott Yelle, Mark Andersen, Dan Tecimer, Peter Andrikopoulos





Under 16 Baseball

Back row: Mr. O'Leary, Tim Pacaud, Peter McCague, Chris George, Andrew von Teichman, Pat Ronaldson.

Front row: Chris Palalas, Daniel McNamara, Naohide Nasu, Geoff Mariani, Rob Schwartz, Matt Rubinoff.





Under 14 Baseball

Back row: Scott McMaster, Tim Boyce, Michael Adams, Rob Watt, Jamie Lint, Graham Wright, Michael Kelly, Mr. Hutchison.

Front row: Jonathan Lee, David Forrest, Chasen Paul, Michael Popielaty, Michael Manning, David Robinette

In the ISAA Tournament, the team played its best ball of the season, defeating Pickering College, Upper Canada, Crescent, and Holy Trinity to win the ISAA Championship. Thanks Coach Hutchison for your patience, humour, and support.

-Captains Michael Adams and Graham Wright





Under 12 Softball

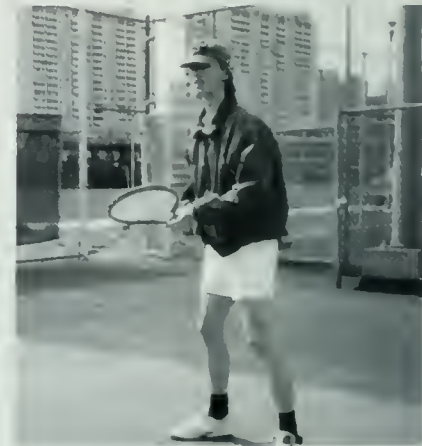
Standing: Mr. Leatch, Kerry Huntley, Barrett Holman, Jamie McIntosh, Joshua Estacion, Jonathan Millman, Adam Koebel, Benjamin Munger.
Kneeling: Chris Ford, Graham McLorie, Cameron Wing, Paul O'Regan.



Under 16

Tennis
Back row:
Stephen
Pratt, Peter
Labancz,
Jason
Pantalone,
John
Pennal.
Front row:
Matt
Kenney,
Malcolm
Wilkinson,
Daniel
Sternberg,
Ravi
Jagasia,
Mr.
Cooper.

T EN

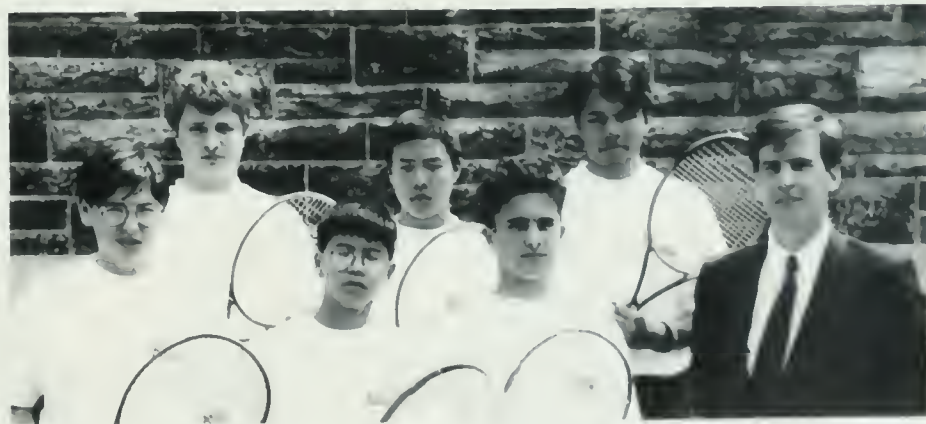


NIS



Senior Tennis

Back row: Richard Rayfield, Andre DuToit, Peter E. Offen, Bruce Sinclair
Front row: Andrew Prior, Tom Simpkins, Christiaan Piller, Mr. Cooper.



Under 15 Tennis

Rear: Peter Wharton, Glenn Lou Hing, Ben Watsa
Front: Evan Schwartz, Brian Pho, Josh Burnett, Mr. Keenan

The under fifteen tennis squad was made up of some veterans and newcomers to tennis at R.S.G.C. All the spring matches were very successful. At the tournament (hosted by R.S.G.C.) we witnessed outstanding play from Josh (sore shoulder), Evan (5-0) and Ashley nearly saved the day. We were tournament finalists for the second straight year. Well done.



Under 14 Tennis

Rear: Hayden Ho, David Hwang, Mark Han, Mark Otema, Roh Clark, Mr. Keenan.
Front: Robert Sternberg.

Under fourteen tennis had a most successful season as the players proved themselves to be very formidable. The spring competition was highlighted by fierce competition for the first singles seed and some pronounced improvement among the doubles teams.

The two day, seven school tournament left R.S.G.C. in second place. Congratulations.



Under 16 Badminton

Back row: Philippe Bedard, Matt Kelly, Trevor Allan, Jeremy Elliott.
Front row: Adam Powadiuk, Andrew Holownych, Pankaj Bhatia, Brian Birnbaum, Andrew Sjogren, Gavin Bee.





B

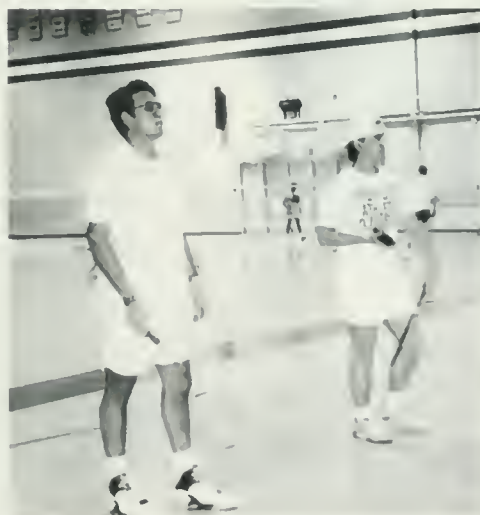
ADMINTON



Senior Badminton

Back row: Nick Blanchette, Andrew Prior, Jamie Press, Colin Watson.

Front row: Sandy McNab, Brian Bobechko, Eric Davis, Michael Pirmak, Mr. Evans.





Under 14 Badminton

Rear: Marcel Merath, Paul Saumets, Christian Friis, Phillip Blanchette, Adrian Ho, Alex Ince-Cushman, Jamie Press (Manager).

Front: John Ortved, Derek Wong, Samuel Hui, Timothy Nagel, Geoffrey Cowper-Smith, Adrian Kelly, Daniel MacDonald.



G

OLF



Nick Mills, Jade Leung, Roger Park, Matthew Chubb, Craig Stait-Gardner, Simon Holford, Aaron Thompson, Tom Keefe, Phil Hardie.



T

RACK & FIELD



Senior Track & Field

Back row: Julian Thornbury, Dan Tecimer, Matthew Chubb, Shane Duff, Andrew Austin, Huey Lee.
Front row: Wade Fox, Andrew Blanchette, Noah Waisberg, Derrick de Kerckhove, Jamie Frawley, Jason Taylor, Mr. Siewert.





Junior Track & Field
Mr. Siewert, Daniel Thomson, Albert Ho, James Sedgwick, Alastair Kellett, Andy Beadon, Allan
Humphries.



TRIPS

Traditionally, students in the College get the opportunity to go on trips. All classes in the Junior School go to outdoor education at Norval, using the facility of Upper Canada College, and spend a few days there respectively, at different times of the year: there are trips in the March Break (this year to Athens-Rome-Sorrento and to Whistler Mountain, B.C. for skiing); and there is Trip Week in early April. Traditional destinations in Trip Week are Ottawa for the Grade 9's, Quebec City for the Grade 10's, Bolton, or (this year) Bark Lake Leadership Centre for the Grade 11's, New York for the Grade 12's and Washington or (this year) Boston for the Grade 13's. The following pages report on these trips.



SCENES FROM NORVAL

ATHENS-ROME-SORRENTO (MARCH BREAK)



At Delphi.



On top of Vesuvius.



In the Forum



Leaving Poros.



On top of St. Peter's.

WHISTLER, B.C.



OTTAWA



QUEBEC CITY

Bataille des Plaines d'Abraham



BARK LAKE





OTTAWA TRIP

This year's grade 9 trip to Ottawa was definitely something to remember. It was a trip where Yours Truly and Rob Bell got lost on their way back from the War Museum, and took something like 20 to 30 minutes trying to get back.

It was a trip where room 339 was caught, not only dropping ice on a taxi cab but letting off fireworks inside their room. You people know who you are.

Other fondly remembered events were:

- "The Penny Fights" (trying to get a penny off the ground) at Oregano's.
- The great game with the microphones at the Senator's Speech.
- The \$2 an hour arcade vs. the Pay-as-you-Play.
- "Antarctica" at the Museum of Civilization.
- The encounter with the females from the other side of the tracks who attacked Josh (Burnett).
- And any other stuff concerning "sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll" I might have missed.

"Any road up" as we say!

-T. Milrose
(Who else?)



NEW YORK



WASHINGTON



In this school year:-

1992. The Blue Jays won the "World" Series. The Charlottetown Accord, a constitution for Canada which would include Quebec, was rejected by the people. The North American Free Trade Agreement was signed (but not yet ratified by all parties).

1993. Mr. Bill Clinton became president of the USA in January. Ms Kim Campbell replaced Mr. Brian Mulroney as Prime Minister. Mr. Bob Rae was Premier of Ontario and sought to conclude a Social Contract with the people.

In Bosnia, the world witnessed the slow strangulation of Sarajevo, Bosnia's capital. Horrors abounded. An old-new phrase, "ethnic cleansing", with all its grim implications, was current in relation to Bosnia.

In Somalia the United Nations had disposed troops, including Canadian troops, to try to stabilize the country, feed its starving and deliver it from the rule of internal war lords.

There died in the first half of 1993: Rudolph Nureyev, ballet dancer; Jeanne Sauvé, former Governor-General of Canada; Audrey Hepburn, film star and UNICEF stateswoman; Dizzy Gillespie, jazzman; February; Lillian Gish, 99, film actress; Ruby Keeler, film star and dancer, famous in the 1930's; Arthur Ashe, tennis player and gentleman.

Beauty And The Beast and Aladdin, animated films from Walt Disney studios, were popular at the Christmas holidays, and Jurassic Park was popular, both book and film, in June and in the summer, 1993.

Our pictures show: top row, the Blue Jays winning the World Series game; centre, the signing of the NAFTA in Texas in October 1992; bottom left, Mr. Bob Rae; bottom right, Ms Kim Campbell and Mr. Brian Mulroney.

(Photos: Canapress)



THE YEAR

TERM ONE



It takes place about September 20th annually. After a hymn and a prayer, house competitions and sports follow to complete the morning.



GRADE 13 SEPTEMBER WEEKEND

It was a Sunday morning when we boarded the bus to Kilcoo. Everyone was feeling a little tired after a wild Saturday night party, but we were gladly anticipating the next few days in the wilderness encompassed by Mother Nature herself.

When we finally arrived at Kilcoo, one of the first sights we saw in our so-called wilderness retreat was Mr. Latimer and Mr. Keenan displaying their amazing talents at tennis. We excitedly got off the bus looking forward to the events to come. Besides being physically challenged with kayaking, windsurfing, canoeing, water-skiing, etc., we would also have our fair share of mental stimulation.

In the physical department, the activity that separated the men from the mice was the aerial rope course. We all seemed pretty sure of ourselves and cocky at the bottom, but it just wasn't the same feeling crawling across a single rope forty feet above the ground. After completing the rope course, more and more guys seemed to head directly to the butt-hut. It was not all fun and

games. We had some stimulating sessions in which we talked about university admissions and our school. We also had a great time answering a questionnaire given to us by Mr. Latimer.

During the trip we envied the canoeing abilities of some of our peers, who will remain anonymous, when they flipped their canoe in the middle of the night. Luckily we came to their rescue and basically laughed our heads off! There were a few people who loved the water so much they went swimming early in the morning in the freezing cold water, for a few extra house points. Hey, you've got to admire those guys for their outstanding spirit. Too bad none of the house captains were crazy enough to be among that group.

Our so-called organized tennis tournament didn't quite get off the ground. Good effort anyway Peter, great job! We did have a house skit competition which West won, but in my opinion, Winch should have taken the gold. Their amazing skit was thought up by the one and only Jordy Bunting. It was a masterpiece; that mon-

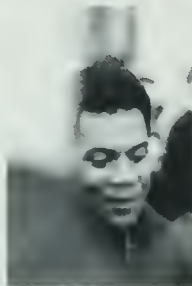
ster was out of this world!

Our last day of Kilcoo consisted of a Hebertism contest among the houses and West won again due to the ability of Keven Thomson who flew through the course with amazing strength and agility. I should also mention that Scooter and Nick McCabe did a great job as well. As for Nick Mills, who put in a great effort, the butt-hut seemed to be calling his name. There were a few of the adventure types who went to the swamp and said they had a great time, but came back covered in mud from head to toe - even the flies were repulsed.

During our return trip on the bus we could not help but feel a little emotional as we reminisced about the last few days at Kilcoo. But then again, maybe it was just our stomachs reacting to that strange meat-like substance in the tacos we ate for lunch earlier in the day.

-Tom Mudd

BLUE JAYS' VICTORY PARADE



The city feted the Jays after their World Series victory. Pictures (by Mr. Timm) show Cito Gaston, Roberto Alomar, Ed Sprague, David Cone.

HIGH PARK DAY



FATHER-SON WEEKEND (SEPTEMBER)



Mr. Lee Watchorn is umpire, while Ivan (The Terrible) Chin takes a strike. This was the first father-son weekend (September).

STRATFORD



Grades 9 and 10 to Stratford to see the works of the grand Will

HALLOWE'EN

Every year, members of the Junior School get the chance to dress up for Hallowe'en.



ASSEMBLIES



We receive many visitors throughout the year at Senior School's assemblies. Here, visitors from St. Mildred's-Lighthourne.



HALIFAX

The Headmaster met with some of our graduates, now at Dalhousie, during the Fall '92 visit to Halifax.





OKTOBERFEST



Students of German celebrated a mini-Oktoberfest

VARIETY NIGHT



Held annually in November, it brings together our best amateur talent.



TERM TWO

VISIT OF LT-GOVERNOR, FEBRUARY 1993



ENTRANCE EXAMS



Entrance exams are held for the Junior School annually, beginning in February. In these pictures, Jamie Lint, Ted Meighen, and Ryan Thompson assist Dr. Barlow.

SWIMMING GALAS



In March every year there are two swimming galas. Here, pictures from the Senior School gala '93.



VISIT OF LT-GOVERNOR, FEBRUARY 1993



CONFIRMATIONS



Every year, the bishop of the diocese (Toronto) visits the College to conduct confirmations for those who have requested it. Candidates are prepared by the Chaplain in special classes.



SWIMMING GALAS



THE "BREAKFAST CLUB"





THE "BREAKFAST CLUB"

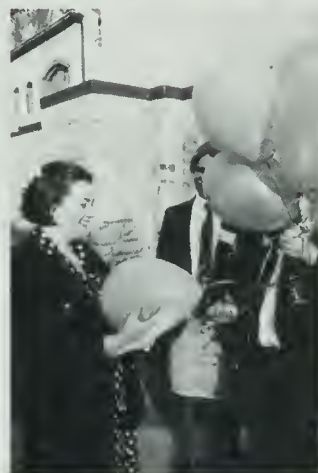
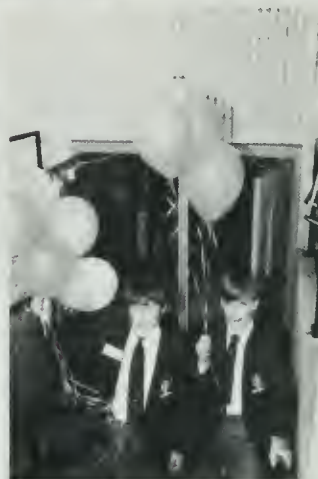


In '92-'93, Mr. Pengelly hosted special breakfasts, one for those with an over 80% average after Christmas exams, and one for Average-Raising (by at least four per cent) students. He and Dr. Barlow also hosted a pancake lunch for Shrove Tuesday (below). Pictures on these pages illustrate these events.



TERM THREE

Mayfest was held on May Day, Saturday, May 1st and was a great success. Students, staff, parents all gave of their time and talents for this fund-raising effort.



MR. McMASTER HONOURED.

The University of Toronto honoured Mr. McMaster for twenty years of distinguished coaching of hockey with the Thomas R. Loudan Award "to the person associated with the University of Toronto for outstanding services in the advancement of athletics".

Beginning in 1979-80, Mr. McMaster guided the women's Blues to twelve OWIAA titles in the next fourteen seasons.

Picture shows Mr. McMaster with, left, Ms Liz Hoffman and Ms Michelle Belanger.



MAYFEST



A good gay time was had by all



MOTHER-SON BASEBALL.

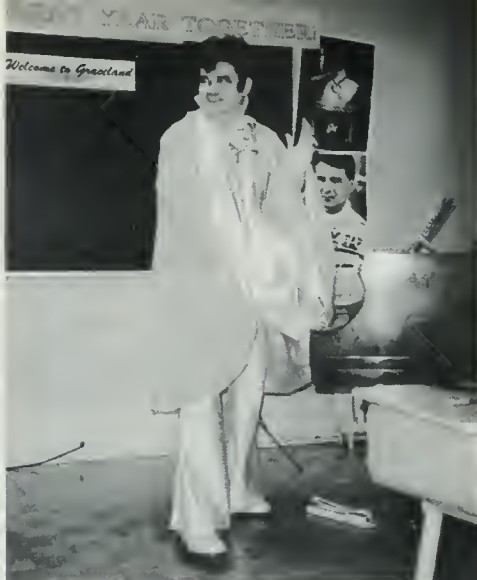


Started by Ms Sheridan in 1991, this was this class' mother-son baseball game '93, with the boys now in Grade 8.



"SHIELD OF DREAMS"

Written by the Grade 12 Media class, and acted by Junior School players, "Shield of Dreams" produced great feelings of achievement in everybody -- deservedly so.



SHIELD OF DREAMS

MONDAY MAY 3:

2:40 STUDENT PREMIERE \$3.00	7:30 GALA PREMIERE \$5.00
---------------------------------------	------------------------------------

STARRING:

ALVIN K. KELLY SARA OLSON ADAM WISS WALTER JAY RAGUO CUM ANDREW CORNEL ANDREW ERLER HARVEY JON DANIEL HEDG	SEAN J. KELLY JACK R. KELLY FRANK TANGU ELIAN TANGU DILLI D. KELLY TIM PETER STEVE W. KELLY ALAN T. KELLY ALAN T. KELLY	WANT MORE JACK M. KELLY A. KELLY JACK M. KELLY JACK M. KELLY JACK M. KELLY JACK M. KELLY JACK M. KELLY JACK M. KELLY	MR. KELLY MR. KELLY MR. KELLY MR. KELLY MR. KELLY MR. KELLY MR. KELLY MR. KELLY
--	---	--	--

DIRECTED BY: ALEX SMITH



GRADE 8 DANCES

One of the rewards of being in Grade 8 is to get dances. Here are pictures from the Spring dance



Dan takes it as his due.



Tom can't believe his luck.



Are blondes more fun, Andy?



"Give us a kiss, then!"



Some of the nice girls invited



"Aw, shucks, I'se shy."



"I am James! I am Man!"



Elliot lays it on thick.



Jamie thinks she loves his hat



"Play it cool. It slays 'em".



"Oooh-ee, oooh-ee, baby."



VISIT TO B.S.S.



"Our lads are natural habe magnets. Just ask them. Be a neophyte ever so gauche. Rosguc will, in time, stamp him as a man of the world. Behold the wondrous, attractive power of these Grade 8 Rosguckians, ye lesser breeds, and be in awe!"

SKYDOME VISIT



FRENCH PUBLIC SPEAKING

To encourage confidence in public speaking in French, Monsieur Denis organizes a public speaking competition annually in May. Here, this year's winners.
 Back row: M. Denis, Michael Adams, Josh McIvor, Juris Langins,
 Middle: John Ortved, Charles Arnett.
 Front: Alastair Kellett, Robert Sternberg, Daniel Medd.





SKYDOME VISIT



Mr. Lee has an "in" at Skydome and he treated his Grade 5 class to a visit there in Spring term.



GRANDPARENTS' DAY

Grandparents of Grade 4 boys visited the school in '93, as they have done for several years past, and saw something of the boys' work.



WASHTENAW ORCHESTRA'S VISIT



The Washtenaw Community College Jazz Orchestra, from near Detroit, visited us, for the second time, in '93. Dr. Lawrence and his musicians entertained us mightily. The dancer, Gail, set hearts a-fluttering, and probably not just those of the Grade 4's.

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP



DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME

It develops self-reliance and hardihood in an outdoor setting. Ms Stockwell was the Staff Adviser in 1992-'93.



"FINAL CURTAIN"



"Final Curtain" is the name of the final throw of the year, of the body dramatic. It takes place annually in May. Plays presented were: Rosencrantz And Guildenstern Are Dead (in excerpt) (above right), Circus Clowns (right), and Killing Time (above). The last two were written by the actors themselves. Left: refreshments are a vital part of rehearsing and presenting.



GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP



CHIEF McCORMACK'S VISIT



We ask visitors to speak to us during the school year. Police Chief McCormack was one such visitor. Visitors usually take questions after their address to us in the Chapel, before going to a reception in See House.



HOUSE LEAGUE



In all three terms there are house competitions and staff versus student games, in all the sports

ATHLETIC BANQUET '93

Judged best athletes in their respective classes were: Michael Kelly, Graham Wright, Shane Duff, and Julian Thornbury -- all seen (among others) in the pictures, right.



SENIOR PRIZE DAY



Above: The prefects for '94 receive their ties. Above right: The platform party. Right: The graduates of 1993. Page 147 Top: Dan Tecimer, Head Prefect, addresses the audience. Middle: The graduates proceed to the platform. Bottom: Josh McKillop and Jeremy Elliott were in the pit orchestra.





ATHLETIC BANQUET '93

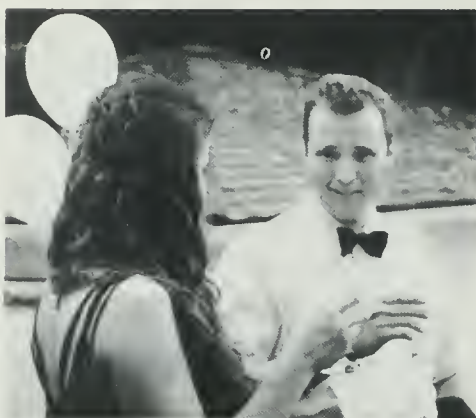


JUNIOR PRIZE DAY



Some of the prize winners at the Junior School Prize Day

GRADUATES' FORMAL



CHOIR TOUR, CHINA 1993



These pictures show the visit to the school of the Chinese consul prior to the departure, scenes at the airport before flying out; scenes on the trip (Hong Kong was also included in the itinerary), and an early meeting of some of the planning group (Dr. Bellingham, Ms. Li, Ms Popielaty) (centre column, top).

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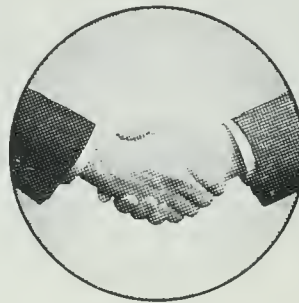
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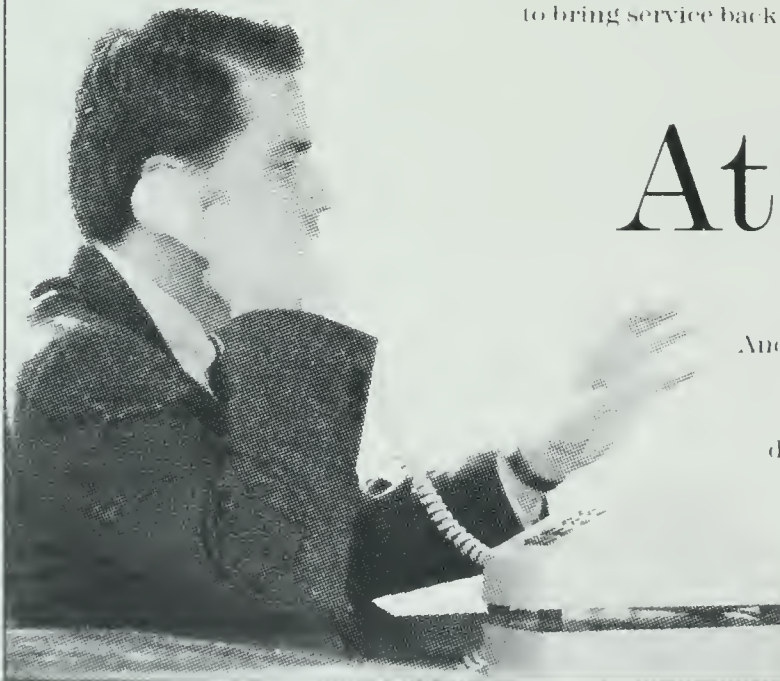
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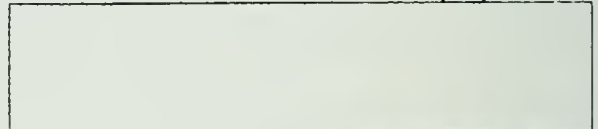
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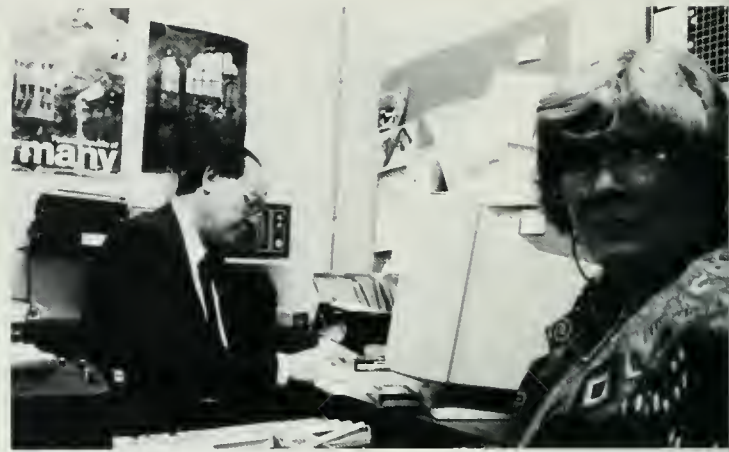


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The steps to Ketchum Hall, from the South-West (above)

The schoolyard entrance to the Senior School (below)



VIEWS OF ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S COLLEGE, TORONTO ...



The College seen from the Barton-Albany intersection (above)

The west door entrance to Senior School (below)



... TAKEN IN MARCH, 1993

